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The Outlook

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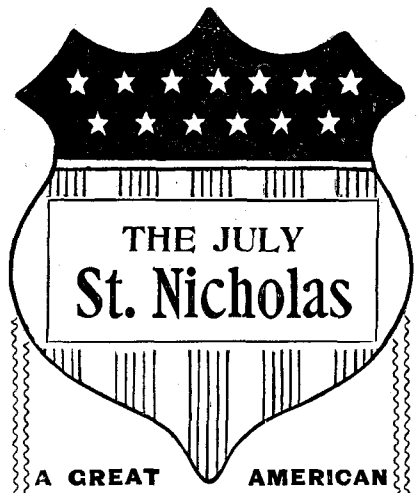

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Assets,	1,516,271.82
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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 49 For Week ending 30 June, 1894 Number 26

The Week

THE President of the French Republic has fallen under the dagger of an assassin. President Carnot was visiting Lyons to honor by his official presence the great Exhibition there in progress. He had on Sunday gone in state to the Exhibition, had then attended a banquet at the Chamber of Commerce, and had just taken his seat in his carriage, at a little after nine o'clock in the evening, to go thence to the Grand Theater, when a young man pressed through the crowd holding in his hand a package supposed by those standing about to be a petition, sprang upon the carriage step, and plunged a dagger concealed in the package into the abdomen of his victim. M. Carnot was taken to the Prefecture, where he died soon after midnight. The assassin was at once arrested, and was with some difficulty rescued from the summary vengeance of the mob. He gives his name as Cesario Giovanni Santo, is an Italian, claims to be about nineteen years of age, and admits that he is an Anarchist. The fact that the murderer is an Italian is likely to fan the flame of hostility between Frenchmen and Italians, already too strong in some of the cities of the two nations. Coming so soon after the attempt upon Signor Crispi's life, the murder is taken by many as a sign of concerted action among the Anarchist circles, but this is as yet conjecture. The news of President Carnot's death has profoundly shocked all Europe, and the outcry of fierce indignation against the atrocious crime may result in vigorous and effective concerted action against the "wild injustice of blind savagery" involved in all Anarchism, and illustrated so often of late by the terrible acts of the advocates of the "propaganda by deeds." M. Carnot's term as President would have expired next December, and he had signified his intention to decline a re-election. His successor will be appointed by a joint ballot of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, to be held at Versailles Wednesday, the result of which will be known by the time this is read. There are several candidates, the two most prominent being M. Casimir-Périer and M. Dupuy. Not by any conceivable theory can any class or body of individuals be benefited by the death of such a quiet, patriotic, pure-minded, reasonable man as M. Carnot; his assassination was causeless, and the result of vicious and brutal instincts aroused by the hideous teaching of desperate Anarchists—for whom, by the way, Lyons has long been a favorite resort. As has been well said by the London "Standard," "they [the Anarchists] will not succeed in effecting the destruction of society, but they may succeed in necessitating such restrictions upon liberty as will throw back the progress of self-government for an indefinite period."

Marie François Sadi Carnot

❀

President Carnot has for his personal history the record of a blameless, useful, and patriotic life. His words before the Deputies in 1887, "All that I possess of strength and devotedness belongs to my country," formed the simple and true expression of a life-principle. Born in 1837, he was the son of that Carnot whose Life of Barère so aroused Macaulay's invective, but who was for all that an able public man; still more distinguished was President Carnot's grandfather, the great war-minister of the First Republic, and in a sense Napoleon's "organizer of victory." The son and grandson of these famous men became a civil engineer, and entered the service of France in that capacity. He did good work during the Franco-German war as Prefect of the Lower Seine, and helped to organize the defenses of Paris. He was returned to the National Assembly in 1871, and from that time on consistently advocated moderate Republican measures, placing himself firmly in opposition to anything that threatened the permanency of the Republic. It is precisely this attitude that explains M. Carnot's usefulness to France. As Deputy, as a member in turn of Ferry's and De Freycinet's

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Cabinets, and finally as President from 1887 on, he has invariably opposed extravagance, opposed sensationalism, opposed factionalism, opposed personal and political dishonesty. Year by year it became more evident that he was a man to trust. If he did not have the fiery genius of a Gambetta or the subtle diplomacy of a Thiers, he had a calm, strong steadfastness of his own which rallied around him the cool and sane thinkers who believed in the Republic and saw beyond the petty political squabbles of a day into the needs and possibilities of the future. The attempt to connect him with the Panama scandal was a wretched failure; beginning with the boldest charges of personal corruption, it ended in a feeble complaint that he had not dealt severely enough with the guilty. No public man in France in our time goes to the verdict of posterity with a cleaner personal record than Carnot. He stood, moreover, for truly national principles—for unity, stability, and peace. The French Republic owes more to this her fourth President than she is as yet ready to acknowledge. History, as it clarifies the course of really important events from the trifling and specious incidents of the day, will constantly accord him a higher place among those who have directed and strengthened the life of the nation.

❀

The special Conference called by the National Liberal Federation to express the sentiment of the Liberal party with regard to the House of Lords met at Leeds on Wednesday of last week, Albert Hall in that city being crowded by about two thousand delegates and spectators. In his opening speech as Chairman, Mr. Spence Watson declared that the attitude of the House of Lords was unbearable; that the question must now be taken up and fought out to the end; that dangerous schemes ought not to be taken up, but that clear, practical, and united action ought to be agreed upon by the Conference. After considerable discussion, three resolutions were adopted by the Conference, declaring in substance: that the power now exercised by the House of Lords to mutilate and reject measures passed upon by the House of Commons has been systematically used to defeat reforms, and is inconsistent with free popular government; that the Liberal Ministry be called upon to introduce a measure for the abolition of the veto power now held by the House of Lords, by providing that whenever a bill passed by the Commons shall be altered or rejected by the Lords, the same bill may be reaffirmed by the Commons, with or without such alteration, and, subject only to the Royal assent, become thereupon a law; and that the meeting assured the Government the resolute support of the party in any steps that may be deemed necessary to enforce the passage of this great constitutional reform. Mr. Labouchere attempted to secure a resolution declaring that the House of Lords is a useless and dangerous body and ought to be abolished. This resolution, which was put in the form of a substitute for Mr. Watson's resolution, was rejected by a large majority. The sentiment of the meeting has the greater weight because of its moderation, and although it is impossible at this moment to form any just estimate of the immediate importance of the Conference and its declarations, it is certainly notice to the House of Lords that the day of its power to veto popular legislation is fast drawing to a close. The present agitation may not bear definite fruit, but it is a significant and decisive step when it is carried so far as to receive the recognition of a great party and to be embodied in a group of resolutions at once so moderate and so outspoken.

❀

The Hungarian Premier, Dr. Wekerle, has scored a great victory. On Thursday of last week the Civil Marriage Bill passed the House of Magnates by a majority of four, a result due to the direct interference of the Emperor. Readers of The Outlook will remember that the Civil Marriage Bill passed the Hungarian Lower House the first time by a majority of 173, was rejected by the Magnates by a majority of 21, and repassed the House of Representatives by a majority of 166. When the bill came a second time before the House of Magnates, Dr. Wekerle, the Premier, insisted upon the creation of enough new Magnates by the Emperor to insure the passage of the bill through that body. On the Emperor's refusal he resigned, the last day in May. The Emperor then endeavored to form another Cabinet, under the leadership of the Ban of Croatia, who stipulated, however, that Dr. Wekerle's entire programme should be carried out. The Emperor then called Dr. Wekerle in, but insisted peremptorily on the exclusion from the Cabinet of the Minister of Justice, Szilagyi, who had been one of the foremost leaders in the agitation for the Civil Marriage Bill. Dr. Wekerle insisted, however, upon the retention of Szilagyi, and upon the adoption by the Upper House of the bill. Francis Joseph refused to create new Magnates, but the end seems to have been secured by the abstaining from voting in the Upper House of a considerable number of the opponents of the bill, which probably means that the Emperor used his personal influence with a number of members. From every point of view Dr. Wekerle has scored a great victory, for he has not only secured the reform which the Hungarian people have at heart, but has retained a Minister who was obnoxious to the Emperor, and has compelled the House of Magnates to pass a measure against which a majority of them were bitterly opposed. In Hungary as elsewhere, under almost every form of government the people rule.

❀

There appears to be good reason for believing that a widespread Nihilist conspiracy has recently been unearthed in Russia—a conspiracy which had many centers, and which assumed the proportions of a revolutionary movement. Naturally, the police suppress the details, and the dimensions of the conspiracy are gathered only from such information as has become current in the European press. The failure of such a movement will tend to confirm the Czar in his autocratic tendencies. Taken in connection with the recent Imperial ukase, which subordinated all official appointments to a committee of inspection directly under the hand of the Czar, it looks as if Russia might expect a more stringent rule in the near future instead of a more liberalizing one.——From Servia come reports of wholesale arrests of Radicals concerned in the recent plot against the reigning family. It is suspected, however, that the plot is mainly a pretext for getting out of the way some of the leading opponents to the new policy which the King has adopted. The immediate outbreak which was feared has not occurred, but it is not likely that M. Stambuloff will rest quietly in the obscurity to which the young King has consigned him.——The sentences of the leaders of the recent outbreak in Sicily show the determination of the Government to deal with social disorders with a strong hand. The leader of that outbreak, Signor de Felice, has been condemned by the court martial to eighteen years of solitary confinement. The evidence upon which he was convicted is reported to have been of the most questionable character. Meanwhile there is talk of putting him forward as a candidate at the coming municipal elections. This will afford the people an oppor-

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tunity of expressing their opinion on the action of the Government and the sentence of the Court.

❀

In the recent Korean revolt the rebels were actuated by hatred of foreigners and of their growing commerce. These narrow nationalists, dwelling mostly in the eastern mountains, are thoroughly Chinese in their obstinate isolation, although the natives in general represent a cross between the Japanese and the Mongolo-Tartars. Hence the lives of all foreigners were in danger. Our own war-ship, the Baltimore, was ordered from Nagasaki to Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, the Korean capital. The landing of a large force of Japanese soldiers to protect the Japanese residents in Korea has apparently been the real cause of the collapse of the rebellion, but it has also greatly strained the relations between China and Japan. For many years the rulers of the Flowery Kingdom have looked with undisguised jealousy upon any foreign influence in Korea, as likely to detach that country from its slight vassalage. The right to send troops to Korea has often been exercised by both China and Japan; but when the troops of both countries meet on that coveted ground, it is difficult to avoid hostilities. The troops of both countries are now on Korean soil, and a conflict of words has already begun. China has demanded that the Japanese forces be at once withdrawn, now that the rebellion is throttled. Japan declines, recognizing the right of Korea only to make such a request. No less significant acknowledgments of independence are to be found in both the address and reply at President Cleveland's reception of the Korean Minister last week Friday. Nevertheless, our own treaty, dating from 1882 (sixteen years after Japan had gained permanent commercial footing in Korea), practically recognizes an independent sovereignty. The Northern Bear, however, has long hoped to gain more than a commercial footing, and would gladly find in the harbor of Port Lazaref a far finer Pacific terminus for the trans-Siberian railway than can possibly be had at Vladivostok. To this end Russian intrigue quietly avails itself of Chinese harassment, Korean rebellions, or Japanese ambition. China has even offered to abandon her claim to the Pamir territory if Russia will but let Korea alone. It is hardly likely, however, that this tempting Pamir bait will long keep Russia from her cherished plan of establishing a naval station in Korea. All the world would justly regard this as the *avant-garde* of a protectorate.

❀

The Anti-Option Bill which passed the House of Representatives last week is a compromise measure. The Washburn-Hatch bill of last year, it will be remembered, made a sharp distinction between legitimate and illegitimate dealings in futures. Where the seller either owned or had acquired the right to own the article sold, no tax whatever was placed upon his disposal of it. But where the seller neither owned nor had acquired the right to own the article sold, a prohibitive tax was placed upon his sales of imaginary produce. Inasmuch as the buying and selling of unowned produce is not only the cause of all corners, but the means by which nearly all of the gambling in produce is carried on, The Outlook warmly advocated this bill. It was killed, it will be remembered, because a trivial amendment, accepted by its friends in the Senate, required the reconcurrence of the House at the very end of the session, when Mr. Hatch was unable to secure consideration for the bill except under conditions requiring a two-thirds majority for its passage. The election was then over, and enough Representatives turned against it to defeat it. Had it passed, it would certainly have received President Harrison's signature. With the accession of President Cleveland the modification of the bill seemed necessary in order to prevent a veto. The Democratic platform declared that the only legitimate purpose of taxes was the raising of revenue, and the tax proposed in the Washburn-Hatch bill—like the Federal tax on State bank notes—had no other object than the prohibition of the transactions nominally taxed. Mr. Hatch therefore modified the measure so as to make the tax imposed yield revenue. A license fee of $12 was imposed upon dealers in options; a trivial tax of about five cents per $1,000 was imposed upon all sales for future delivery, while a further tax of about $5 per $100 was imposed in case no delivery followed the sale. By the purchase of warehouse certificates, a speculator who has sold unowned produce may effect a delivery and escape the substantial tax last named. These modifications in large measure placated the interests which fought so bitterly last year's measure, and the majority of 150 to 87, by which the bill passed the House, may promise its ultimate enactment. Nevertheless, the fact that the bill merely levies a trivial tax upon the great mass of purely gambling transactions has rendered lukewarm most of its supporters. We are glad to note that before its passage the bill was amended so as to exempt altogether from taxation sales for future delivery when made by the owners of the products or their agents. This distinction between useful and harmful sales for future delivery ought in every event to be preserved.

❀

The Senate proceeded rapidly last week with the disposition of the free list. Senator Allen, of Nebraska, moved to strike "paintings and statuary" from this list, on the ground that costly art should not be made free while cheap art (lithographs, etc.) was taxed 25 per cent. About one-third of the Senate—chiefly Republicans and Populists—supported the motion, but the remaining two-thirds decided not to offset one wrong by another. Quicksilver was placed on the dutiable list at 7 per cent. (instead of 10 as now), and "sawed boards, planks, deals, and other lumber, rough or dressed," were added to the free list. A motion was made that a duty on salt be restored, and it was defended on the ground that salt was, despite the duty, "cheaper than sand." The motion was defeated, however, and salt remains free.

❀

The disposal of the free list brought the income tax before the Senate. The committee in charge proposed the amendments, so widely demanded, exempting from this tax building and loan associations, savings banks not conducted for the profit of stockholders, and mutual insurance companies. At a later session the committee further proposed to exempt from the tax on corporations the sums paid in interest to bondholders, and also to reduce the limit of individual exemption from $4,000 to $3,000. This last change gave much satisfaction to Senator Hill, of New York, who had attacked the House bill as a class measure leveled at the very rich. Senator Sherman also expressed his approval of the change, taking the rational ground that "the line of demarcation should be at the point of income enough to cover the natural living expenses of families in the ordinary condition of society." The proposed change in the assessment of corporations ought to be defeated, as it would tax railroads built by the stockholders far more heavily than those built by the issue of bonds. A just income tax should burden alike the net incomes of corporations, whether these incomes are paid to the owners in the form of interest or in the form of divi-

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dends. The debate on the income tax was unusually interesting, but covered little new ground. Senator Hill denounced the tax as Populistic and sectional. Senator Teller claimed that the tax was Republican, as evidenced by the vote upon its repeal in 1871, and that it was in no sense sectional, since the States which would contribute most by its provisions were not taxed in proportion to their wealth by the Tariff Bill taken as a whole. Senator Sherman, who was one of the Republicans supporting the income tax in 1871, urged that there was a greater necessity for it at that time than there is to-day. Senator Kyle gave some interesting but unverifiable statistics to the effect that in England under the income tax the separation between rich and poor had rapidly lessened, while in this country, under the protective system, the separation between the two classes had rapidly widened.

❀

Certain members of the House Committee on Banking and Currency are proposing a modified repeal of the tax on State bank notes, but there seems little chance that any such compromise can be agreed upon. A good many Eastern Democrats would support such a measure if the State bank issues authorized were given virtually the character of the present National bank issues. Such limitations, however, are unpopular in the South, where National bank notes have been condemned more widely than State bank notes have been lauded. Among Western Democrats there is a strong opposition to all issues of money by private corporations. This point of view was brought out most clearly in the speech of Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, who declared that to permit banks to issue money on the deposit of bonds was as indefensible as to permit farmers to issue it on the deposit of crops or land mortgages. The principle of equality before the laws for all classes demanded that the public alone should issue the paper money used by the public. Besides this political objection to banks of issue, there was the economic objection that the money issued by private corporations, accepted in periods of overconfidence but rejected in times of panic, cannot supply the country with the uniform and stable currency needed. The Democratic party, he urged, must return to the principle laid down by Jefferson in his letter to Rives in 1819: "Interdict forever, to both the State and National Governments, the power to establish any paper banks, for without this interdiction we shall have the same ebbs and flows of medium and the same revolutions of property to go through every twenty or thirty years." Between the hostility of Eastern Democrats to any increase in the currency, that of Southern Democrats to an increase by means of National bank notes, and that of Western Democrats to an increase by means of bank-notes at all, there seems little chance that the currency will be expanded during the present session of Congress.

❀

The Republican Conventions held last week in Vermont and California—like their predecessors in Maine, Ohio, and Kansas—passed resolutions surprisingly favorable to the renewed coinage of silver. The Vermont plank reads as follows:

"We favor the continued and extended use of silver in our circulation, within the extent of the ability of the Government to preserve the present parity between gold and silver. To this end we will hail with enthusiasm all efforts of the Government to obtain an agreement with all other commercial nations to secure the free coinage of silver on any proper ratio."

Inasmuch as all the Vermont Congressmen have this year voted against the continued coinage of silver, in every form proposed, the platform declaration indicates a decided growth of bimetallic sentiment. It is to be remembered, however, that Vermont is the one Eastern State in which the agricultural population exceeds the manufacturing and commercial combined. All over the country it is the farming classes which have felt most keenly the fall in prices resulting from the exclusion of silver from the currency, and it is not remarkable that Vermont should be the first Eastern State to protest strongly against the continuance of monometallism. California has always been favorable to the coinage of silver, and only one of her four Republican Congressmen voted last fall for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act. Only one of the four, however, voted for the free-coinage amendment to the Repeal Act, so that the following resolution, adopted by last week's Convention, is apparently significant of a violent change in public sentiment:

"We favor the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and the making of silver, as well as gold, a legal tender in payment of all debts, both public and private, and we pledge our Congressional nominees to the support of the principles contained in this resolution."

The Convention also adopted a resolution in favor of woman suffrage.

❀

Some of the minor conventions of the past fortnight have adopted resolutions more significant perhaps than any incorporated in the platforms of the two great political parties. The American Railway Union, in its Chicago Convention, entered into an alliance with the Knights of Labor. Inasmuch as the leaders in both of these organizations have a strong bias in favor of political union with the Farmers' Alliance, this new federation may powerfully affect the political situation in the next Presidential election. The railway labor convention held in this city the week before also adopted resolutions looking toward political action, although it recognized that the time was not ripe for a definite break with the old political parties. The Populist party has thus far been unable to establish itself firmly in the cities, but its recent conventions have shown a disposition to ignore the old planks in favor of the Sub-Treasury system and the issue of paper money secured by farm mortgages. Some of the local Populist Conventions have adopted resolutions favoring the restriction of the liquor traffic to State agencies, and an attempt was made in Kansas to pledge the State Convention to this solution of the liquor problem. The proposition was defeated by a narrow majority, though opposed by the managers, who wished to secure Democratic support for the State ticket. The Prohibition Conventions continue to show strong Populistic leanings. Even in conservative Wisconsin last week's Convention declared in favor of the Government issue of money sufficient for the demands of commerce, while in Tennessee the Prohibition Convention made arrangements to support some of the Populist nominees for State offices. The Tennessee Convention, however, refused to insert a free-coinage plank into its platform. In Kansas, under the leadership of ex-Governor St. John, the Prohibition Convention adopted a radical labor platform. Two of the planks were as follows:

"We favor the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1."

"We favor the control by the Government of all railroads, telegraph, express, and telephone lines, even to the extent of ownership, if necessary."

❀

Every week discloses some new varieties of corrupt practice on the part of the New York police force. The latest sessions of the Lexow Committee have been occupied with evidence showing that the police have protected "bunco" as well as "green goods" swindlers; that a present police justice in former years was hand in glove

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with these bunco men, and kept their money regularly in his saloon safe—and though Justice Divver was offered an opportunity to deny these charges, he preferred not to face Mr. Goff's searching cross-examination; that a former Board of Police Commissioners (two of whom were Republican and two Democratic) went in a body to congratulate the notorious Harry Hill on his having secured, through them, the appointment of the man he wanted as police captain of the district in which his "dive" ran, and that all four stayed to lunch with him in honor of the event; that merchants are regularly forced (as they claim) to pay yearly and monthly tribute to the police to prevent an annoyingly strict enforcement of the law about encumbrances; that steamship companies regularly and as a matter of course pay the police for special privileges and illegal services; that even the street peddlers must contribute regularly and through recognized channels. And in the above sentences we have only indicated the main features of the charges of one week; the list is far from complete, and the proof in detail came from dozens of witnesses and filled scores of columns of the daily papers. The testimony also included much in way of confirmation of the already overwhelming proof that the police have received regular and systematic payment of blackmail from disreputable houses and saloons, and that it is at least a common thing for officers to secure their appointment to the force by bribes. The inference that the Commissioners themselves are corrupt is now generally accepted as logical and necessary. Very significant was the promise of counsel that the career of Inspector Williams would be examined in detail. This officer has risen from the ranks; is, in a way, a sort of model to patrolmen; and yet, whether justly or not, it has been for twenty years generally believed that he has practiced the system of corruption now being exposed, and to have browbeaten, bullied, and terrorized all who protested; politically he is a Republican, but in our municipal misgovernment Tammany and the machine Republicans are often found in partnership, as was shown forcibly last week by Harry Hill's account of his more than friendly relations with all four of the members of a bi-partisan Board of Commissioners. With regard to the question of a summer adjournment of the Lexow Committee, it is enough to say that it is ardently opposed by all who sympathize with the accused officials, and that it is considered absolutely necessary by Mr. Goff, who has led the attack with almost heroic energy and ability, and who has done ten men's work day by day for weeks.

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The outrages committed by miners in Colorado have been followed by an outrage committed, it is asserted, by deputy sheriffs. Adjutant-General Tarnsey, through whom Governor Waite communicated his orders to the commander of the militia during the recent troubles, was kidnapped at his hotel at Colorado Springs on Friday night of last week, driven into the country, and tarred and feathered. The Adjutant-General was acting as counsel for the arrested miners. He states that his assailants tried to secure information respecting the miners' plans. The perpetrators of the outrage have not been discovered. In case they prove to be deputy sheriffs the country at large will be apt to justify Governor Waite for using the militia alone to settle the strike, instead of permitting a conflict between the miners and the deputies.——The American Railway Union has decided to support the strike at Pullman by ordering its members to refuse to handle Pullman cars after June 26. They base this action upon Mr. Pullman's refusal to submit to arbitration the question of the wage-reductions at Pullman. Unfortunately for this justification, the injuries inflicted by the boycott will fall almost entirely upon railroads having no interests at Pullman and upon the traveling public.

❀

The National Prison Association held its annual session in St. Paul last week, with General R. Brinkerhoff as President in place of the late Hon. R. B. Hayes. A fair attendance and a few exceptionally fine papers made it, on the whole, a good meeting. To one who has watched the course of these annual gatherings it is interesting to study the general trend of thought. A few years ago a great deal was said about the discharged convict. His condition often enough is wretched now, but in the best prisons work is assured for him before he leaves, whether on parole or release, so the stress is made in securing such a reform in all prisons rather than in organizing societies to look after him when he is thrust out uncared for. So, a little while back, a large amount of space was given to internal discipline. Now the thought of discipline is merged in the thought of manual training, trade-schools, book education, and good manners, as the best means of securing obedience and good order. Little, comparatively, has been said in these meetings about preventive work. This year the one great note of the conference was Prevention. From the Pacific to the Atlantic every speaker and writer showed the necessity of establishing manual training schools everywhere and for all classes and both sexes impartially, as the one sure and certain preventive of crime. A new subject was presented in a valuable paper on prison sicknesses, and the facts given as to the prevalence of tuberculosis and the consequent distribution of that terrible disease were absolutely startling. The strongest paper was prepared and read by Frederick H. Wines, of the United States Census Bureau, on the lack of uniformity of sentences for crime in this country. Mr. Wines has been more than ten years preparing the facts and statistics here set forth, and his conclusions are not lightly to be set aside. Superintendent Brockway, of Elmira, was not present at the Prison Congress, nor was there any public allusion made to the charges against him. But paper after paper spoke with unchanging admiration of the good results of his work, especially of the marvelous success of his trade-school. An interesting address given by the Rev. S. J. Barrows showed the comparative condition of prison reform in different parts of Europe, illustrated by visits which he had made personally to prisons in England, France, Italy, Athens, Zante, Constantinople, Austria, and Hungary. The Association will meet in Denver next year.

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General News.—The Duchess of York gave birth to a son and possible future King of England last Saturday evening.——It is stated that the German Emperor has completed a diplomatic agreement with Great Britain by which the matters in dispute between England and Germany relating to the recent English treaty with the King of the Belgians regarding the division of African territory have been satisfactorily adjusted; it is also reported, though not fully confirmed, that a revised convention regarding Africa is to be signed by Germany, Great Britain, Belgium, and France.——In Morocco, Muley Ismail, the brother of the late Sultan, and uncle of Abdul Aziz, the new Sultan, has announced his submission to the sovereignty of the latter.——Archbishop Taché, of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, died in Winnipeg on Friday of last week, at the age of seventy-one; his missionary labors in the earlier part of his life, and, later, his ability and energy in establishing churches and missions, made him an important figure in the recent history of the French-

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Canadians.——By an explosion in the Albion Mine, near Pont-y-Pridd, in Wales, last Saturday, about two hundred and fifty men were killed.——Madame Marietta Alboni, the famous contralto singer, died in Paris last Saturday. ——Fighting is again reported to have taken place between Malietoa and the Samoan rebels without any decisive result. ——Another body of unemployed men, numbering one hundred and twenty-five, has reached Washington, having crossed the continent from California under the lead of "General" Frye.——George P. A. Healey, the well-known portrait artist, who had painted an astonishing number of famous Americans, died in Chicago on Sunday, at the age of eighty-three.——The Massachusetts Senate finally reversed its decision in favor of the Norwegian Bill, and then referred the whole matter to the next session of the Legislature.

President Eliot

We take the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Charles W. Eliot's election as President of Harvard University to introduce him to our readers by a portrait on the first page, and by a sketch of his character, on page 1188, from the pen of an eminent American educator who is familiar both with President Eliot and his quarter-century of work. In the educational progress of our country during that time he has taken a prominent part. And his service to the community is to be measured, not chiefly by the growth of Harvard College to a front rank among the universities of the world, but by changes in method and spirit which he has helped to introduce into all American institutions of learning. These appear to us to be chiefly two.

The introduction of the optional system in Harvard University, at first strenuously resisted by that spirit of conservatism which is curiously characteristic of all educational institutions, then sharply criticised by all outsiders, has finally been followed, though not fully adopted, by almost every institution for the higher learning. This optional system is not merely a form of curriculum; nor is it based on the idea that a boy of eighteen is an infallible judge of what learning he needs. It is a frank recognition that education must be individual; that there is no one pattern of scholarship to which all men must be conformed; that there is no generic answer to Herbert Spencer's famous question, "What knowledge is of the most worth?" Different knowledges are of most worth to different individuals, and the inclination and aptitude of the individual are a chief element in determining for him what he needs. Optionalism will not give to a thousand students an education perfectly adapted to the needs of each, but it will give one better adapted than a system which educates by wholesale, and requires the same conditions and furnishes the same learning to all alike. Harvard has led the way, under President Eliot's inspiration, in a sadly needed and happily efficacious protest against methods which merged the individual in the mass, and in their endeavor to educate the community forgot the man.

The other service which President Eliot has rendered to American education is in his endeavor, only partially successful as yet, to bring back into our institutions of learning a healthful and normal religious life. Our earlier schools, both public and private, were religious—Puritanically religious; but a system which made everything compulsory made worship compulsory also; and compulsory worship is ordinarily not worship at all. The rush to college prayers has become the jest of the profane; and the chief argument of the sober-minded for the ancient method is that it is necessary to bring the students together once a day in order to preserve the corporate life. The reaction against a mechanical and irreverent morning prayer led inevitably to a complete secularization of education in many private schools and collegiate institutions. Against both tendencies President Eliot has effectually protested. We have heard him declare that education is impossible without the teaching of morals, and the teaching of morals is impossible without religion. But this religion must be a life, not a drill. The method which, in one of our great colleges, requires all the students to attend chapel, from which, by a record scrupulously kept by a self-appointed monitor, all the Faculty, with two exceptions, have been habitually absent, is not a method which conduces to the spirit of reverence for institutional religion. Under the optional system at Harvard, the attendance at morning prayers is reduced to an average of two or three hundred daily; but it is an attendance of men who come because they desire the inspiration of the brief devotional service; the congregation is not a roll-call, but a reverent and worshiping assembly; and from this spiritual fellowship the President himself is never absent except when he is absent from the city. It is perfectly safe to say that the reintroduction of the religious spirit, through the method of absolute freedom, could not have accomplished what it has in and for Harvard, if the wise administration of Professor Peabody and the earnest cooperation of the preachers to the University had not been supported, not from politic motives, but from spiritual and unaffected interest, by President Eliot.

In these two respects, optionalism in education and freedom in religion, we believe that President Eliot has indicated a spirit, rather than a method, which in the future will inspire, though perhaps by other methods, all our educational institutions. If so, future generations will account this twofold service the greatest which President Eliot has rendered in his fruitful educational career.

The Indictment of Anarchy

The assassination of President Carnot, following close upon the attempted assassination of Signor Crispi, is an unanswerable indictment of Anarchism. It is possible to invent a plausible apology for acts of personal violence in Turkey or in Russia, but for the assassination of President Carnot it is not possible to invent any apology. A patriot, a man of irreproachable honesty, an assiduous and unselfish laborer for the Republic, a leader in wise political reforms, nothing but mere wantonness, the love of destruction, the desire for sensation, the wholly irrational homicidal passion, could have incited to this unprovoked murder. The defense offered for Anarchism is that it is the only way by which society can be delivered from oppression; but President Carnot was not an oppressor and did not represent an oppressive government. He represented a government of the people, and was personally a leader of the nation toward a larger liberty. Anarchism is defended upon the ground that all crime is a revolt against unjust law. "If laws," says the Anarchist, "were abolished, crime would cease." The assassin of President Carnot has proved that crime has its source in the evil heart of the individual man, not primarily, certainly not exclusively, in the unjust institutions of society. The murder of President Carnot, and scarcely less the recent acts of mob violence in this country, are object-lessons which ought to teach us that the road to liberty does not lie through lawlessness, but through law enthroned in the

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hearts and consciences of the people, and rigorously enforced against men who have neither heart nor conscience.

The Income Tax

Name-calling is not argument. There has been a great deal of noisy vituperation on the subject of the proposed income tax. We propose to state briefly, and without vituperation, with, on the contrary, an entirely frank recognition of the honesty of the advocates of this tax, our objections to it.

I. The method of its imposition is undemocratic. The Democratic party asked the people of this country to intrust it with power for certain definite and specific purposes. The repeal of the protective system was one; the establishment of bimetallism was another. The imposition of an income tax was not one of those purposes. It is at least very doubtful whether the Democratic party could have carried the last Congressional election if it had proposed to enact the income tax. It is not democratic to enact such a measure without getting the judgment of the country upon it.

II. As proposed, the tax is distinctly a class tax. It is not, like the English income tax, imposed on all incomes, with very moderate exemptions. On the contrary, the majority of incomes are exempted; only a minority are taxed.

III. The tax is further unjust in that, in the nature of the case, it bears more hardly on men whose income is all a money income. It will be collected first from salaried men; then from lawyers and doctors, whose income is composed of fees. Merchants, manufacturers, and farmers, whose incomes are in goods, the value of which is generally undefined and often undefinable, though their real income may be as large, will pay no tax or a small one.

IV. Experience proves that this injustice will be further aggravated by deliberate dishonesty. The tax will be dependent on the statement of the person taxed. The honest and the optimistic will be heavily taxed; the dishonest and the less sanguine will escape taxation. This was notoriously the fact during the Civil War; there is no reason to suppose that it will be otherwise now.

V. The process of collection is inquisitorial and vexatious. It is no adequate answer to this objection to reply that the collection of taxes on personal property is inquisitorial and vexatious. That may be a reason for abolishing all taxes on personal property, or all taxes except on income-producing property, such as bonds and stocks, which can be collected without inquisition. One vexatious tax does not justify another vexatious tax.

VI. The tax is wrong in principle. Taxes should be levied on property, not on industry. There is a reason why the landlord who owns a hundred houses should pay more tax than the householder who owns one, for his hundred houses require more of all the advantages which government affords, and for which governmental money is paid. A tax levied on income derived from invested property is therefore inherently just, and the fact that part of it is paid by widows and orphans does not make it less just. It is right that they should pay the expense of protecting their property. But a tax levied on incomes derived from personal industry is not just. The personal industry which earns $10,000 asks no more from Government and costs Government no more than the personal industry which earns $1,000. The only reason for such a tax lies in the ability of the person to pay it. This is a good ground for expecting a larger voluntary contribution, but not a good ground for levying a larger enforced contribution.

VII. It does not suffice as a reply to these considerations to say that an income tax is not so unjust as a protective system. The Democratic party is not reduced to this Hobson's choice. He who defends the income tax, as proposed in the pending measure, must show that free raw materials, a moderate tax on imported articles of common use, a higher tax on articles of luxury, and a reasonable tax on incomes directly derived from invested property, would not be sufficient to meet the expenses of the Government economically administered. Until this has been shown, there is no just and reasonable ground for the reintroduction of the income tax, so reluctantly submitted to during the war, and so promptly repealed at the close of the war.

Editorial Notes

—Oxford and Cambridge Universities have united in conferring honorary degrees upon Captain Mahan—an excellent use of the academic degree as a recognition of superior ability and notable achievement.

—Mayor Hopkins, of Chicago, has vetoed the Sunday-closing ordinance which we noted last week, because, as he urges, the principle of individual liberty forbids the State to secure for workmen one free day in seven.

—The New York "Tribune" had an editorial the other day under the title "Certain Sugar Fictions." It may be said, in this connection, that recent revelations hint at a confirmation of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."

—Not long ago an English literary journal of very high position referred to Walden as an out-of-door writer, evidently having in mind Walden Pond. Another English paper recently spoke of Farragut as "the great Confederate Admiral"!

—Even in these days of democratic ideas it is astonishing to read the statement that the Ameer of Afghanistan has issued an address to his subjects asking permission to visit London. When an Oriental ruler has to come to this pass, absolutism is far gone.

—Gambling is ceasing to be profitable, as the Louisiana Lottery has found out. We are glad to note the fact that the annual report of the Monte Carlo Casino Company shows a decrease in revenue of two million francs over the previous year, with a consequent reduction of dividends to the investors.

—Is it a "sign of the times" that we find the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Minnesota passing formal resolutions declaring "our unqualified objection to any division of the public-school fund, or an appropriation of any part of it toward the maintenance of any private or sectarian institution," and renewing "our declaration of loyalty toward the public school, teaching, as it should, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man"?

—That is a keen point which the "Evangelist" makes when it says: "What a lucky escape it was for John Calvin, as well as for Martin Luther, that he got out of the world when he did and that he is now safely dead and buried; for if Luther rejected the Epistle of James as part of the Bible, Calvin did the same with the second Epistle of Peter, so that neither of them would have come up to the modern requirements of preachers of the Gospel."

—The interesting account on another page of the recent literary movement in Ireland is written by one who has had the best of opportunities to watch this revival in the world of letters. Mrs. Hinkson, better known to many readers as Katharine Tynan, has taken no mean part in that movement. Her graceful prose and vigorous verse are also familiar on this side of the Atlantic; and we may say here that her name should properly be added to those of Miss Barlow, Emily Lawless, Mr. Yeats, and the others of this young school of writers of whom her article treats.

—Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, accuses Senator Allen, of Nebraska, of "bargaining" away his vote, and Senator Allen replies by characterizing his assailant as "the baboon" of the Senate. Senator Hill, of New York, tells Senator Harris, of Tennessee, that his manners are those of the plantation, and Senator Harris replies that Senator Hill's manners are those of the slums of New York. Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, who is a candidate for the United States Senate, charges that the railroads are raising a corruption fund in the interest of his opponent, Senator Butler, and the latter retorts by calling Governor Tillman a liar and a coward. This is one week's record. Now will some one define what is meant by Senatorial courtesy?

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Charles William Eliot

By an Educator

THE present month closes the first quarter-century of the administration of President Eliot at Harvard. It has been an epoch-making time, not merely in the history of an ancient university, but in the development of higher education throughout the country. The administration will stand as an educational date; methods of training which precede it and those that follow will be reckoned as belonging to different ages. Nobody, of course, will attribute all the beneficent changes of the period to the influence of a single man. The time was ripe and co-operated with him, as it usually does when a genius appears. But all observers, friendly or hostile, acknowledge the wide difference between college education as it is understood to-day and that which existed at the beginning of President Eliot's career. They see that it now signifies something much more widely applicable, more expressive of realities, more respectful to the complexities of human character. Most persons perceive also that these changes have come about through agitations begun by this remarkable man. It is fitting that a journal which seeks the spiritual forces in things secular should pay some attention to a figure so influential, so solitary, and so perplexing.

The broad results of President Eliot's career may be briefly summarized. The elective principle has been defined and established. A fixed quantity and quality of work is now required for the Bachelor's degree, while the topic on which that work is expended is in large measure decided by the student himself. By this means a greater value has been given to the American college as a place for equipping all sorts of men for all sorts of employments. The consequent closer relation of the college and the people has notably increased the number both of students and benefactors. The larger range of instruction rendered necessary has enlarged the staff of teachers. And, since a student who chooses a line of study which fits his tastes and aptitudes will wish to pursue that study further than will one who is confined to a fixed curriculum, study of an advanced sort has sprung up in nearly all colleges, and with it a zeal for research and a readiness for production on the part of both students and instructors. Around the great universities graduate schools have grown up, which are rapidly rendering it unnecessary for young men who mean to be leaders in science to seek their training abroad. A similar transformation has occurred in methods of college government; a spirit of uprightness is now demanded in place of conformity to detailed precepts; religious services, no longer in charge of a single sect, have lost their penal character and have become attractive and sought. The elective principle has been carried down to the fitting-school, and boys with half a dozen different equipments now enter the same freshman class. Greater individuality is thus given to hundrum preparatory work; while the difficulties incident to preparing boys of the same school for many colleges have been met by efforts to reduce the chaotic requirements of the colleges to something like uniformity. By the establishment of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools and the Harvard Board of Schools Examiners, the bonds uniting those engaged in secondary and superior teaching have been drawn closer. And, finally, the grammar-school, that intrenched home of routine, has been attacked, its studies criticised, its waste of time exposed, and plans for its reorganization discussed. Surveying such a career, one perceives that it is that of a man of unusual power, courage, and moral earnestness. To each of these characteristics a few words may be given.

The large powers of President Eliot need no long demonstration; they are patent at a glance. Nobody ever exchanged five words with him and went away unimpressed. He may be hated, but he cannot be despised. The magnificent body and the robust health are the efficient servants of a solid, original, resourceful, and combative mind. He comes of powerful stock, and has traditions of intellectual force, sound learning, and public spirit in his blood. A graduate of the Boston Latin School and of Harvard College, a Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry, first in his own University and then in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, afterwards elaborately studying European systems of education and reporting on them in a remarkable series of papers in the "Atlantic Monthly," Mr. Eliot came to his presidency at the age of thirty-five, specifically trained for the work as few men in this country have ever been. The old types of college president were already in decay—the learned figurehead, the benevolent father. For the President of a great university a man of affairs was needed, a man of scholarly sympathies indeed, and interested in building character by scholarly discipline, but neither himself the master of a single subject nor disposed to spend his powers on the spiritual perplexities of individual students. In the learned cabinet the President must henceforth be rather the Foreign Secretary than the Secretary of the Interior. All this President Eliot saw and became. The sketch just given shows the breadth of his policy. Its material results are a doubling of the buildings, a trebling of the students, a quadrupling of the funds and teachers of his University. Throughout his work President Eliot has had an astonishing mastery of detail, nothing which concerns effectiveness being considered petty. His lucid force has lent distinction to his literary style both in speech and writing, and has made his annual Reports documents of a value which outlasts the year. His frequent speeches meet with about equal measures of praise and denunciation, but never are heard with indifference. Feebleness is not in him. A large man, concerned with large interests, he pays all with whom he deals the compliment of assuming that they will demand from him something very definite.

And this courageous sense of strength gives him a strange frankness and fairness. Administrative officers are apt to grow suave and politic, conciliatory in speech, cautious in action. College presidents, some one says, always lie. President Eliot does not lie; he says the thing he means. Not a whit of individuality does he abate for the President's office. He champions Mormons, defends Democrats, denounces reporters, asserts his Unitarianism, precisely as a private person might do, only perhaps with an added joy if he is defending an unpopular cause. A man must be a man, he seems to say, in order to be a President; and the public, though censuring each fresh outbreak of audacity, in its heart honors courage and esteems the more a man who dares to be sincere. If, too, he freely opposes others, he shows no irritation when himself opposed. He will appoint to office to-morrow the man who attacks his policy to-day. In all his governing boards he surrounds himself with strong men. His reports announce the weaknesses of the University no less frankly than its strengths. He is an excellent listener, and waiter too, never in a hurry with his measures. Time to him is nothing. Yet his patience is very active, involving no cessation of endeavor. Both it and his courage express his freedom from personal sensitiveness. Discharging his mind from consideration of what his acts will bring upon himself, and filling it with a sense of the weighty cause that is in his keeping, he seems to find bravery as easy as breathing. So impersonal a functionary can he thus become that he is sometimes mistaken by those less strenuous than himself for a man merciless and inhuman. In reality he but knows better than most how unescapable is duty, how transitory the windy ways of men. There may be in him some lack of imagination, a certain insensitiveness to temperaments unlike his own. But his readiness to expose himself to hurt does not spring from trifles such as these.

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Rather, it announces in his own blunt fashion the common sense of the Psalmist, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?"

To those who know President Eliot only by report, Biblical words applied to him will sound strange. Persons who have but a superficial acquaintance with him generally miss the moral passion. A reserved man, he does not talk much about his ideals. Yet ideals he has, and by their light his work is done. Let any one review the list of his achievements and see if it can be accounted for by anything short of moral passion. The multifold undertakings of this democratic aristocrat have a common aim, and not a material one. All alike seek to develop through education a better type of American—a man who shall early feel responsibility for himself, who shall regard his powers as a trust even when they differ from those of his neighbor, who is willing to train them long and severely, holding them steadily subject to laws higher than personal liking, and who thus renders himself serviceable to his fellow-men. In President Eliot the sense of duty and of fidelity to trust is profound. It is the source of his steadiness, the source too of much of his seeming coldness. Cool he undoubtedly is, and unsentimental; but those near him know the delicacy of his sympathy, the strength of his attachment to relative and friend, the ready ear for pain or poverty, the incapacity for selfishness, the perpetual elevation of soul. In a paper commending Phillips Brooks to Harvard students he wrote: "Like all men of great influence, he was an idealist and an optimist; but he was also a judicious, prudent, and successful man, whose feet were firmly planted on mother earth." The twofold praise may well be applied to himself.

The Literary Revival in Ireland

By Katharine Tynan Hinkson

The Anglo-Irish literature in Ireland—that is to say, the literary expression of the Irish spirit in a foreign tongue—is not yet a century old. A hundred years ago the Celtic tongue, now driven as far back as Connaught, was being steadily strangled in the other three provinces by penal enactments. The old tongue died hard, and those valiant soldiers of freedom, the hedge schoolmasters, who, despite persecution, cherished the dying flame as long as might be, left us almost the last expression of Irish poetry in its own language—they and a few itinerant peddlers and open-air vagrants, who liked better the heather for bed and the sky for canopy than any house built by hand. They were Jacobites and rebels to a man; but their passionate songs of country and faith, wildly sweet as the lay of the blackbird on a dewy Irish evening, have not even yet reached the English heart and ear, though they were exquisitely translated into English by Edward Walsh, Ferguson, Mangan, Callanan, and others, thirty or forty years ago. Truth to tell, till very lately the Englishman had no ear for the Irish harmonies. He could understand Moore with his pretty drawing-room phrases, or George Darley; but for the very first workers who gleaned sparsely in this Irish field, for the Hon. George Ogle, who wrote "Molly Asthore," or his fellow the Hon. George Fox, who translated inimitably "The County of Mayo," there was little hearing, though both gentlemen, no doubt, were rather of the English garrison in Ireland than of the mere Irishry. No greater proof of the English change of feeling can be given than the interest excited by Dr. Douglas Hyde's translations of the love-songs of the Connaught peasantry. Men who would scarcely recognize the names of Ferguson, Mangan, or Walsh reveled in these fresh and exquisite earth-songs.

To the songs of such a people as the Irish, revolution is a constraining impulse. The Irish Jacobite poets, for example, were fired by the Young Chevalier and the deliverance he was to bring to their mother-land. Then the lyrical impulse of '48 is perhaps the most striking feature of that year of revolution in Ireland as elsewhere. After '48 came a long period of dull hopelessness. The Celt was gone with a vengeance in the coffin-ships to America, or he was dead of the famine, or he was gazing blankly on the whitewashed walls of the horrible workhouses. Into the workhouses were swept the last remnants of those who had kept alive the native Irish poetry—the wandering beggar with his sheaf of ballads, the old schoolmaster who had fared from house to house with as light a heart as Autolycus, sure of his food and his bed and an appreciative audience. What the famine spared of desolation the Poor Law wrought to the heart and spirit of Ireland.

It took nearly a score of years, and a new generation, to waken again the national spirit in Ireland. Fenianism, that generous forlorn hope, woke to some extent the singing voice. The "Irish People" newspaper, under the editorship of John O'Leary, a patriot as cultivated as he is high in rectitude, bade fair to do for literature in Ireland in '65 something of what the "Nation" had done in '48. But the Fenian rebellion was soon stamped out, and its leaders in Mountjoy and Portland Prison; and with the fall of Fenianism the dullest of all lethargies seemed to settle on the artistic faculties of the Irish people. In the years preceding the Land League there was no faintest stir of literature. The few men, Irish by birth, who were writing in the seventies, appealed to an English audience and followed English methods. The Land League appealed to no poetical instincts. Miss Fanny Parnell's fiery verses, without artistic premeditation or completeness, were the only literary fruits of the Land League years, and even they came to us from America. It is safe to say that Mr. Parnell's death in 1891 evoked more poetry in a week than had accompanied his famous movement of '79, '80, '81—a movement which always seems singularly out of harmony with its leader's character.

After the rejection of the Home Rule Bill in '85 came the lull in Irish politics which was the opportunity for Irish literature. I should say, by the way, that in the closing days of the Land League some very notable Irish poetry was written by Miss Una Taylor, Sir Henry Taylor's daughter, and claiming through her mother, Lord Monteagle's sister, to be herself an Irishwoman. Miss Taylor's poetry following Mr. Parnell's death was perhaps the most impassioned and beautiful of that wrung from the heart of a people touched and stricken to the heart. But Miss Taylor has in no way devoted herself to Irish literature, and can scarcely be said to figure in the new movement.

In those silent years the names of those, Irish-born, who were working away in the English literature may be briefly given: Dr. Todhunter, Professor Dowden, Mr. Richard Ashe King, Mr. George Francis Armstrong, Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Mr. Oscar Wilde. Miss Rosa Mulholland was writing exquisite Irish stories, without very distinctive Irish coloring. Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves was making his charming *genre* pictures of Irish peasant life. Mr. John F. O'Donnell was flinging out his opulent lyrics, much influenced by Tennyson and other English masters. Miss Laffan had begun her able and caustic studies of bourgeois Irish life, in which the one thing lacking was sympathy.

I often heard people say, prior to '86, that the time was ripe for an Irish literary movement. Theirs must have been a prophetic instinct, for, to the ordinary observer, there was no more indication that such a movement was coming than that it was long overdue. When it did come, the impulse awoke in all manner of places at once.

A little knot of us at that time foregathered in Dublin, which included Mr. W. B. Yeats, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Dr. Sigerson and his daughters, and a good many other people interested in literature. The central figures of the group were John O'Leary and his sister Ellen, a poetess who had written for the "Irish People," and who kept, till she died, a pure devotion to her art of making songs that should touch a peasant or a child, while appealing by their beautiful simplicity and their nobility of thought to more cultivated tastes. At the house of the O'Learys, or at the studio of Mr. Yeats's father in Dublin, we had many eager literary conferences. Some came from the dominant class in Ireland, others from the mere people, but all of us alike seemed struck in the one hour with the ambition to make our work as Irish as possible, and the Scotch poet's prayer to sing at least one song for country's sake was echoed in

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the hearts of half a score of us. Mr. Yeats at that time was a tall, ghostly youth, whose poetical appearance "jumped to the eye" as immediately as could that of Keats or Shelley. He has been more "uninfluenced" than any young poet I know, but at the time he was doing those dreamy, dramatic things, "The Island of Statues," "Mosada," and the like, which savor more of Coleridge's opium-hued fantasies than of the open air of the Celt. Dr. Douglas Hyde, the son of a Roscommon rector, was then a distinguished student of Trinity College, Dublin. He, the most distinctly Irish of us, was already steeped to the lips in the Connaught folk-lore, and had put himself into sympathy with the peasant as surely no other scholar of the people's learning has done before or since.

One outcome of our literary friendships and conferences was a little book, "Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland," published by a round dozen of us in 1890. To this contributed Mr. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Dr. Sigerson, Mrs. Sigerson, the late Miss Rose Kavanagh, Miss O'Leary, and Dr. Todhunter, among others. The latter contributed a splendid savage Irish ballad, "Aghadoe," worth the many sensuous, beauty-loving volumes of his English years, to my mind. He, too, had been stirred in his London study by a wave of the Irish impulse. I was the editor of the volume.

I think it was in 1886 that Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who had kept his sweet Irish singing-note loyally through many years of English life, suggested to Mr. Yeats and myself that we should join him in writing a volume of poetical tales from the Irish, to be called "Tales from Tara." I elected to do "Diarmind and Grainul;" Mr. Yeats, "The Wanderings of Oisin." Mr. Graves's part of the book still remains unwritten; but my version of the Irish story was the opening part of my volume "Shamrocks," and Mr. Yeats's "Wanderings" gave the title to his first volume.

Miss Emily Lawless was very far removed from our orbit. She is a sister of Lord Clancarty, perhaps the most prominent militant landlord of Land League days. Indeed, the fight on his estates is scarcely yet over. Miss Lawless had written some novels of general interest, "Major Lawrence" being perhaps the best known, but up to '86 or thereabouts she had shown no inclination to turn towards Ireland for her subjects. In one of the latter eighties she published "Hurrish," her first Irish story. John O'Leary gave me the book to read, expressing at the same time a high opinion of its power. The power, indeed, manifested in "Hurrish," and later in "Grania," is little short of genius. "Hurrish," a study of Irish peasant life in the Land League days, is gloomy and repellent, but withal extraordinarily impressive. Miss Lawless gets the color and desolation of Irish bog, moor, and mountain land into her pages. Anything more sunless than "Hurrish" it would not be easy to imagine. People resented angrily at the time the portraiture of the old she-wolf, Hurrish's mother, but she was just like a good many peasant mothers, as viewed from Miss Lawless's standpoint. Miss Lawless would have eyes for the fierce fanaticism; she would have none for the spiritual softening, somewhere out of sight, and the selfless devotion to a cause, to a country, or for the strength warped by many wrongs that turned to such deadly bitterness. The Irish peasant is fluent and passionate, and, excited by a vitriolic press, as he or she undoubtedly was in Land League days, one had need largely to discount the language used. "Hurrish" was certainly written from the point of view of Lord Clancarty's sister, and, despite the soft portraiture of Hurrish and his sweetheart, has little of the humanity and luminous feeling of "Grania." In "Grania" there is no question of political or class bigotry possible, and of her heroine Miss Lawless has made a large and lonely figure of poignant sweetness and pathos. The sadness of the islands, and the sad, monotonous lives, spent in wresting from the sea and the winds the barest subsistence—all is but a fitting background for Grania's figure, that looms as mournful and impressive, years after one has closed the pages, as any heroine of old Greek tragedy.

Miss Barlow's Irish utterances came later. She was writing as early as 1882 in a Dublin review, "Hibernia," owned and edited by George Noble, Count Plunkett, an Irish gentleman, who strove patiently in those dark years to keep the lamp of Irish literature from extinction. Miss Barlow, then signing herself "Owen Balair," was contributing to "Hibernia" just such work as one would look for from the daughter of a university professor. Her father is the Rev. James Barlow, Senior Master Non-Regent of Dublin University. Miss Barlow's work then was mainly in the direction of translations or free renderings from the ancient Greek, with an occasional original poem, which showed the influence as well of much intimacy with the English classics. In 1885 Miss Barlow published in the "Dublin University Review"—for which all of us at the time were writing—one of her "Bogland Studies," that entitled "Dalled Out; or, Eschatology in a Bog." This she sent in anonymously, and, though the editor advertised for his anonymous contributor, she resolutely refused to disclose herself. T. W. Rolleston, one of the contributors to the "Ballads and Poems of Young Ireland," was then editor. We had scattered and some of us were dead before Miss Barlow broke through her anonymity. She published "Bogland Studies," and signed it modestly, "J. Barlow," in 1892. I reviewed the book for two or three publications, but took the signature for a pseudonym till she wrote to undeceive me. In the following winter she published "Irish Idylls," which was *the* book of that season. She essayed prose at the suggestion of Dr. Nicoll, editor of the "British Weekly," one of the first and most faithful friends of Miss Barlow's Scotch prototype, J. M. Barrie. Miss Barlow differs from Miss Lawless in loving intensely the people of whom she writes. Indeed, it is only a passion of love and sympathy that enables her to write as she does, for her knowledge is sheer intuition. The class she springs from is high and dry Tory. She is the one avowed Nationalist of her family, for her father calls himself a Tory, though, judging by his printed word, he is a broad and illumined one. Her ancestry is entirely other than Irish. She is so shy, personally, that I doubt if she would not run away from the round eyes of a peasant child. She lives at Raheny, a village near Dublin, of which the peasant population is half urban. She once lived a summer in the west of Ireland, and that must have made her whole material for "Irish Idylls"—that, and her genius of sympathy. Of Miss Barlow in her own line we have the highest hopes. The few Idylls contributed since the book to London magazines show growth, and still steady growth. She gets surer of herself, and adds to her exquisite quality of pathos a humor beyond measure delightful. She has reached her achievement by the most legitimate means. Year after year she destroyed the work of her hands till it came a little nearer pleasing her. The apprenticeship which most writers serve in public she made in private, and there is nothing for her to-day to disown in her past work. But she has ever the dissatisfaction of true genius with her own work, and her humility about it is wonderful. She is quite young, happily, and one hopes that Ireland may in her present another famous "Jane" to the English literature.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, with the same simplicity and humble opinion of himself, is buried in Connaught, getting closer every day to the art and hearts of the people. His "Connacht Love-Songs" is one of the most notable books of the Irish revival. What a delivery he has—so simple, passionate, and mellifluous! The innocent luxuriousness of some of these love-songs is as sweet as Theocritus, as directly fervent as the Song of Solomon. We have had no Irish scholar—and we are fairly rich in this branch of specialist literature—to compare with Dr. Hyde in the qualities that make for excellence in his special branch of scholarship. He is an ideal folk-lorist.

Mr. Yeats has grown more and more Irish while becoming the most conspicuous and excellent of the younger English poets. He has done a good deal of very beautiful and fanciful prose, too, and he was largely instrumental in establishing the Irish Literary Society, both in Dublin and London. The Society is a sign of the times, and includes Irish men and women of all creeds and politics. Its New Irish Library, a volume of which is issued at

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intervals, is reaching the Irish people as no series of books has done since the Irish Library of '48.

Mr. Standish O'Grady contributed the second volume of the New Irish Library, "The Bog of Stars," a collection of stories of Elizabethan Ireland. He, too, is one of the figures in the revival of Irish literature. He is a historian with the imagination of a poet. His History of Ireland is semi-mythical; but he is at his best when he does not pretend to write history, but dresses up in a garb of stately romance some towering figure of the Irish gallery of heroes. His prose style at its best is epic. The Elizabethan wars in Ireland is the period he has specially treated, and to this period refer his monograph on Red Hugh O'Donnell, and another brilliant historical romance, purporting to be written by the secretary of an English Deputy in Ireland. This so excelled in vraisemblance as to deceive some people into taking it for a genuine historical manuscript.

There are a good many younger writers coming forward to swell the ranks of modern Irish writers. Many of these have received their first help and encouragement from the editor of the "Irish Monthly," Father Matthew Russell, brother of Sir Charles Russell, Attorney-General for England. Scarcely a notable name in Irish literature but has appeared at one time or other in the "Irish Monthly." Frances Wynne, the young poet whose death we had to mourn last year, began with Father Russell, and Miss Dora Sigerson, the most promising of the new arrivals, is also one of his protegées.

Altogether, things look as if the little renaissance of Irish literature were come to stay. The Home Rule movement is dead, after lingering feebly since Mr. Parnell's deposition from the leadership. Political movements rise and fall in Ireland like the swing of a pendulum, and it may be years before we have another leader to direct a revolution, peaceful or otherwise, in Ireland. Meanwhile there is a quiet time in which literature may grow and thrive. There is the spasmodic literature which follows revolutions and is as the very song of the sword. But a permanent literature never throve in years of disturbance. It takes years of leisure in which to grow strong. And the growth of education and love of art will prepare us, no doubt, for the freedom that will come one day.

Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train,

sang one of the '48 poets, and I doubt that the excesses of Land League years and the vitriolic teachings of the press of those days were a preparation for the freedom we have so long hoped and prayed for. But, meanwhile, in every little Irish town there is a bruit of literary societies and movements, and for once Irish literature is on the markets of the world.

Spirituality and the Institutional Church

By the Rev. William Cross Merrill

At the close of a sermon on applied Christianity the writer was met, by a distinguished divine of the congregation, with words of generous approval, yet with the mild demurrer: "Is there not danger that this institutional work will weaken the spiritual life of the Church?" In editing, for a California paper, an article touching "The Church and the Kingdom of God," by Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago, another clergyman "full of years and honors" arrives at a like conclusion. In expressing his fears, he alludes to the last report of Berkeley Temple, to which the name "institutional" was first given, and says: "This church, with over nine hundred members, has added only fifty-six to its membership on confession of faith during the year." These are but two of the many voices raised in warning or protest in view of the growing demand for a more practical application of the Gospel of Christ. Has the solicitude a basis in reason?

In the very nature of the case, from the tremendous difficulties to be overcome by Berkeley Temple, the special pleader would hesitate to take it as an average test of the institutional idea. This, however, is not an attempt to "make out a case," but to communicate information; and as few churches are likely to meet graver difficulties along this line, it may be well to let this stand as a type.

The Berkeley Street Church furnishes the history of a long and arduous struggle for survival in a rapidly changing environment. Meanwhile it enjoyed pastoral leadership of exceptional ability, and yet, some eight years ago, it became the deliberate conviction of the ablest judges that the field must be abandoned. To some church about to surrender its field of labor, it may be of interest to compare the last six years of the "Berkeley Street Church" with the first six years of its institutional work as "Berkeley Temple." The table gives the year, membership, additions by conversion, percentage of gain by conversion, and gain over all losses by letter and conversion:

BERKELEY STREET CHURCH, 1882–1887:

Year.	Members.	Received on confession.	Percentage of gain on confession.	Percentage of net gain by letter and confession.
1882....	604	16	2.65	2.45
1883....	598	2	.33	(1.00) loss
1884....	595	15	2.52	1.51
1885....	597	7	1.17	.33
1886....	597	17	2.88	.83
1887....	605	12	1.98	.50
Totals.....			11.49	4.65

BERKELEY TEMPLE, 1888–1893:

1888....	590	26	4.41	14.40
1889....	597	31	5.19	12.56
1890....	711	66	9.28	13.22
1891....	812	63	7.76	12.32
1892....	894	52	5.82	9.39
1893....	957	51	5.39	6.45
Totals.....			37.85	68.34

This is the comparison of a church with itself under old and new methods of activity. As Berkeley Temple, working under the divine injunction, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be full," its accessions on confession are more than threefold, and its total net gain is almost fifteenfold. Compare, now, this institution with four prominent Boston churches during the same period. The statistics for 1893 are not yet at hand; but let the five years 1888–1892 suffice. Let the Old South and Park Street represent the ordinary line of work, and Union and Phillips the expressly evangelistic methods. How have these four churches prospered during this period of Berkeley Temple's probation? For economy of space we will give only the total percentages of gain for the five years on confession, and total percentage of net gain by confession and letter:

	Percentage of gain on confession.	Percentage of total net gain by confession and letter.
1888–1892—Berkeley Temple.....	32.46	61.89
" " Phillips.....	21.47	.40
" " Union.....	20.95	22.57
" " Old South.....	9.63	21.17
" " Park Street.....	9.34	(3.14) loss

That we may not seem to confine the comparison to individual churches, let us compare Berkeley Temple with the combined Congregational churches of three cities widely separated—Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco—taking as the working church the total membership less absentees. The average percentage of yearly gain on confession during the years 1888–1892 is as follows:

Berkeley Temple.....	8.55	Chicago.....	7.68
San Francisco.....	8.31	Boston.....	4.98

Berkeley Temple has had unusual difficulties to encounter, and yet the test is most favorable to the modern methods of work. Let us take four other institutional churches, widely separated, under more favorable conditions, figuring, as before, the percentage of gain by confession on the basis of membership less absentees. We take the years 1887–1892, and the churches: Pilgrim, Worcester; Fourth, Hartford; Tabernacle, Jersey City; Plymouth, Milwaukee, and the combined Congregational churches of the United States, of course not deducting the absentees from

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the latter. Should that seem just, however, a little less than one per cent. would be added (about .93).

	Pilgrim, Worcester.	Fourth, Hartford.	Tabernacle, Jersey City.	Plymouth, Milwaukee.	United States combined.
1887.....	18.54	20.83	16.81	14.79	8.99
1888.....	7.86	4.87	9.23	10.94	5.47
1889.....	3.83	10.75	9.19	5.73	5.95
1890.....	5.15	11.56	22.01	5.57	5.44
1891.....	12.38	9.34	3.84	8.44	5.83
1892.....	3.75	9.47	5.71	1.05	5.82
Totals.	51.51	66.82	66.79	46.52	37.50
Ann'l Av.	8.58	11.14	11.13	7.75	6.25

Had all the Congregational churches of the United States attained the same average of gain on confession during these six years, with the institutional churches, it would have increased their total by a hundred thousand converts.

In certain quarters of every city the institutional church has its place. It will not soon, possibly may never, become universal. Dives, in church as elsewhere, will fare sumptuously, and from his own hired pew will nod conscious or unconscious approval to conventional discourse.

It would seem, however, from the above statistics, that there is large room for work along this line; and when we consider the sad fact that the Congregational churches of America, by present methods, add, on the average, only about six per cent. yearly to their numbers by conversion, it is not difficult to see where the real danger of spiritual decadence lies. Already, for some years, the cry of young Germany has been, "Away from the Church! it will do nothing for us." It may be a selfish judgment; unjust, entirely, it is not. It is sympathy in the concrete that men need, and from the hand that gives they very quickly penetrate to the motive that inspires.

It is very much to be desired that Christians who look kindly upon this work shall not permit themselves to be prejudiced by the intense utterances of a few men who feel called to be agitators, and perhaps prophets of a revolution speedily to come. As a rule, these churches are showing much good sense in moving along lines of evolution and not revolution. We are bound, in all Christian charity, to accept as the true genius, spiritually, of this forward movement the aim enunciated by one of its most busy pastors: "Every one of these multiple agencies for helping men is held absolutely as a means to a spiritual end."

It is useless for churches in close contact with the masses to seek to salve their wrongs with the Christian's panacea that the evils of this world will be set right in the world to come. The unregenerate will tell us that, since the same God rules in either world, the certain misery of this casts a shadow on the possible happiness of that, and that, at any rate, they do not propose to wait for it.

The British Independent Labor Movement

By William Clarke

I use the word movement rather than party to describe the new force in British politics on purpose to avoid giving the impression that the Independent Labor party is conterminous or absolutely identical with the Labor movement in politics. But at the same time the Independent Labor party is the largest factor in this wide movement. I write about it because, by universal admission, it is now becoming the most critical deciding factor in English politics; and its action is likely to determine the result of that general election which cannot be delayed longer than the early spring of next year, and which may come any day.

The Independent Labor party was formally constituted at Bradford early in 1893, its second conference having been held early this year in Manchester. Its leading spirit is James Keir Hardie, the well-known Labor member of Parliament. In the House of Commons Mr. Hardie has undoubtedly been a failure, a fact entirely due to his obvious contempt and disgust for the House. He is rarely there, and when he does appear he acts by himself in such an erratic way that no one can co-operate with him. All the same he is an able man of persistent determination, a singular elevation of character, and a religious spirit curious and rare among our hard, secularistic workingmen. I have rarely heard a better speaker both as regards matter and tone and style, in all of which respects he is distinctly the superior of John Burns. And yet, owing, doubtless, to a very pretty knack at "log-rolling," Mr. Burns is a power in the House, while Mr. Hardie is almost unregarded. Keir Hardie is a miner by calling, and was for years Secretary of a large miners' union in Scotland; but he actually represents a large working-class constituency in East London, where his most active supporters are to be found among our excellent friends and untiring workers of Mansfield House, the Congregationalist "settlement" in that crowded region. Hardie is too much of an idealist, too little of a practical politician, to succeed in Parliament; but as a Labor leader he is deservedly popular, and his pale face, with thick hair and beard, and rather dreamy eyes, crowned with the workman's cap he always wears, is as well known as almost any face in England.

The Secretary of the Independent Labor party is Tom Mann, also an idealist, and a fine, warm nature. Mr. Mann has injured his career and prospects by his uncertainty as to the field he was intended for. At one time he headed the Dockers' Union, which he resigned to become candidate for the secretariate of our largest trade-union, the Amalgamated Engineers. He was unsuccessful, and was then induced to become Secretary of the London Reform Union, a useful body created to push the so-called "London Progressive Programme." Then Mr. Mann was very nearly induced to take orders in the Anglican Church, his fervent religious nature having commended him to those who thought that the presence of such a man in the Church would be an immense leverage for that body in its appeal to the working classes. But Mr. Mann thought better of it (very wisely, as I think), joined the Independent Labor party, and was elected its Secretary. His time is mainly employed in traveling about the country, looking after the branches of the party, and in working up his own candidature; for Mr. Mann is Labor candidate in the Colne Valley division of Yorkshire, a large mixed, but mainly industrial, constituency, where he is opposing a capitalist Liberal of a type peculiarly obnoxious to the working classes. Mann is thirty-eight years old, is well read, a fluent speaker, a highly skilled workman, and an untiring organizer.

I can refer to only two other personalities in the Independent Labor party—John Lister and Robert Blatchford. Mr. Lister is a "gentleman" of a good old Catholic family, and he resides in an old hall near to the busy manufacturing town of Halifax. A good speaker, an honest and generous man respected by all who know him, still comparatively young, and unmarried, Mr. Lister devotes all his time and energy to the Labor cause. He is a Labor candidate at Halifax, where, even if he be not successful, he will bring about the defeat of one of the Liberal representtives, an insignificant young Whig whom the Liberal party was unwise enough to foist on the constituency. I do not suppose that any of my American readers ever heard of Robert Blatchford, yet he is one of the best-known men in England. His articles, under the *nom de plume* of "Nunquam," appeared for a long time in the columns of the Manchester "Sunday Chronicle," a paper with an enormous circulation, and were literally devoured by tens of thousands all over the North of England. Here was Socialism preached every Sunday in the industrial districts, in language so racy, fresh, pungent, that I do not recall anything like it in English journalism. Mannerism there was, but it was the mannerism of original power; one felt that there was a Man behind it, and a man who had toiled and suffered. "Nunquam" for some reason fell out with the "Sunday Chronicle," and started a paper of his own, the "Clarion," which is widely read all over the North and Midland districts of England. There are many other active men in the party, such as Ben Tillett, the dockers' leader; Pete Curran, an Irish workman of remark-

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able power; Fred Hammill, who may possibly bring about John Morley's defeat at Newcastle; but the real leaders of the Independent Labor party are the four I have named.

As for its programme, the party has carefully eschewed the word Socialist, but as carefully adopted a Socialist creed. In a word, it is for all measures which have for their object the placing of the land and other necessary instruments of industrial production under the control and ownership of the people. But the central point about the party is that every one of its members is required to separate himself totally from the existing Liberal and Conservative parties; he cannot be a member of their clubs or caucuses, nor can he at any time vote for their candidates. It is significant to note that in Bradford, where the movement is strongest, the ablest and best known of the younger local Radicals has just separated himself in this way from the Liberal party, and has taken his influence, which is not small, and his money, which happens not to be small either, into the camp of Independent Labor. At this moment, I am informed by the most experienced Liberal organizer in the North of England, the Independent Labor party can dominate the political situation in Manchester, Bradford, Newcastle, Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, Oldham, Bolton, Burnley, a portion of Hull, and a part of Sheffield. I give this statement, not on my own authority, but on his, and I know none better. So strong is the movement in Manchester that the editor of the Manchester "Guardian," the most powerful Liberal organ, perhaps, in England, refused recently to run for Parliament against an Independent Labor candidate, on the ground that he really agreed with him in politics, and that if Independent Labor was not recognized, it would be all up with the Liberal party.

And at length the Liberal party is slowly, very slowly, beginning to realize this capital fact in the political situation. Indeed, it is the one subject which is now engrossing attention. With a section of the Irish actively hostile and the other section not too trusting of the intentions of Lord Rosebery, with the standard of revolt raised in Wales, with Mr. Labouchere and numbers of Radicals not too friendly to a Cabinet presided over by a peer and a Rothschild's son-in-law, with a tiny and precarious Parliamentary majority, a serious revolt of Labor would smash the Liberal party and put it in opposition till the end of the century. Lord Rosebery's recent visit to Manchester was understood to have for its object a *modus vivendi* by which Liberalism and Labor should form a working alliance. If that was so, his lordship made a dismal failure. It was a poor, weak, I might say paltry speech, utterly unworthy of the subject or the occasion; and its sole effect has been to strengthen the determination and straighten the backbone of the Labor party.

It is perhaps doubtful whether the actual Labor vote in Parliament will be increased by the next general election. The Labor candidates I have named and others will be more likely, perhaps, to keep Liberals out than to get in themselves, though I do look for the success of Mr. Tillett at Bradford, Mr. Lister at Halifax, and Mr. Curran at Barrow. The importance of the movement is twofold. It means the break-up of the complex force called Liberalism, and therefore indirectly aids the Conservative cause for the time being. Indeed, though I hesitate to predict confidently, I do not see how the Liberals can carry the next election. They cannot gain in Ireland, they may lose through divisions in Wales, they will certainly lose in Scotland, they stand to lose nearly a score of seats in the industrial parts of England, and it is estimated they will lose five seats in London. Where the corresponding gains are coming from I do not see. This collapse of the Liberal party, however, is coincident with the conscious adoption of the Socialist idea as a working practical political force—for this is what the Labor movement in politics means. Some of his not very judicious supporters said that Lord Rosebery would be able to cope with this new situation. As a matter of fact, he has not hitherto shown himself able to do so: things look distinctly worse for the Liberals than under Mr. Gladstone's premiership.

London, England.

The Poorest of the Poor

By Jno. Gilmer Speed

Whether or not there can be two standards by which to measure the value of money, there can be no doubt in the world that both wealth and poverty each have many standards. Both are great or small according to the necessities of the class to which the rich man and poor man belong, and in some measure to the personal characteristics and habits of the individuals. Once in New England I was driving with an old farmer, and some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I asked, "He is a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the old farmer replied; "he ain't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"He has a great deal of land, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained:

"You see, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he don't owe nothing, and he ain't afraid of nobody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family, and his neighbors; his word is as good as a bond, and every man, woman, and child in the town looks up to and respects him. No, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man, because he's got all he needs and all he wants."

I assented to the old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants he is certainly rich, and when he lacks these things he is certainly poor. Now, the poor man's possessions—defining riches and poverty in this way—may be double those of the rich man, and the correctness of the definition still be good. I have an illustration in point. I know a man who lives with his family in a country village. His income is, without doubt, larger than that of any man in the township, and still he is in all probability more harassed by want of money than any man in the neighborhood. He requires so many things that he always spends something more than he makes, and therefore he is always in debt, always importuned by his creditors. Now, according to the idea of the old New England farmer, my friend is really poorer than the artisans and gardeners and laborers who work for him. And I know that this gentleman counts himself among the poorest of the poor. Whether this be so or not is what I shall briefly discuss in this paper.

The incompetents, the paupers who cannot live without the assistance of the charitable, are outside the range of the discussion. They have been overcome by poverty, and have pitifully sunk below the level of the poor. The very poor man is one who, notwithstanding hard work, finds it difficult to supply himself and his family with the necessities of life. The necessities of life—ah, there's the rub! What is an absolute necessity for one man would be a wasteful luxury for another; so the amount of a man's income is by no means a measure of his wealth or poverty. The laborer who earns one dollar and a quarter a day needs certain things, and without the money in hand he can get none of them. He rents his rooms, he feeds and clothes his family, he takes his amusements, on the basis of his wage; and the great majority of laborers in this country are not only contented but happy in their lot. The artisan who makes two dollars and a half a day lives just a trifle better than the laborer, and his excess of wage enables him, as a rule, to lay by something for the rainy day. The more skilled mechanic who receives three or four dollars a day lives a trifle better than the artisan, and, when he is thrifty and blessed with a careful wife, is pretty sure to save a tidy bit every year. Now, these are all poor people according to the ordinary standard, but they are all self-supporting, self-respecting, and do not belong to the class defined as the poorest of the poor. Singularly enough, however,

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so strange is human nature and so widespread is human ignorance that these men rather look up to the poorest of the poor, while the latter look down on them.

As the cost of living varies in the different parts of the country, it is well, in giving figures, to be also geographically specific. So I will locate my poorest poor class in New York, and say at once that I sincerely believe that the man of forty years of age with a wife and family in the metropolis and a salary or income from his profession of $2,500 a year is as poor as he can be. Of course there are $2,500 men in New York who live and save on that income, but they are the exceptions to the rule. The generality of $2,500 men feel called upon to live in a certain way, and that way does not differ as greatly as it should from the manner of living of the $10,000 man. That is what makes it so awfully hard for him to get along. He feels obliged to house himself with some comfort and entire respectability; he must dress tolerably well for business at least, and, being well clad himself, his wife and children must also be nicely clothed. Then all of them must be fed and all must be served in some fashion.

Let us see how far $2,500 will go to do this. Suppose he takes $500 for his rent—and I do not believe an apartment that a man of the class I have in my mind would care to live in could be had for less. Even at that price it would surely be very far from the ideal home for a family of taste and refinement. Then he pays $16 a month for his servant—$192. The wear and tear on furniture, bed and table linen, and kitchen and dining-room things will be $60 more. Add to these, fuel, $50; lights, $36; butcher, baker, and grocer, $900; car-fare, $50; wife's clothing, $200; children's clothing (allowing three youngsters to the family), $210; man's clothing, $150; man's luncheon down-town, $100. This makes a total of $2,448, and leaves the man with a balance of $52 to pay for the amusements of the family, settle the pew-rent at church, compensate the doctor, and discharge the druggist's bill. Some, no doubt, will say that a man who spent his income in the way I have set down was a poor economist. Doubtless! but that is what makes him poorer than other men of a different class and a smaller income. His position prevents him from economizing in ways entirely open to many others.

He might pay less rent and live in an apartment-house whose front windows are decorated with the frowsy heads of women in curl-papers; he might pay less and put his children to bed in a room into which the sunshine never reaches; he might pay less and live in a house so vulgar outside and so ill-smelling inside that he would blush with humiliation every time he approached it, and sicken with disgust every time he mounted the stairs. He might do these things, but he won't, and therefore he is poor indeed. Then, again, he might do without a servant. So he might, but as likely as not his wife absolutely could not do without a servant. A woman not brought up to hard labor, and unaccustomed to domestic drudgery, not only cannot do it, but she cannot learn to do it unless she has exceptional physical strength, and also a remarkable knack for acquiring that dexterity which makes such work easy. And if he did without a servant, he would at once drop out of the class to which he belongs. He will not consent to this, and so he continues to be very poor. All the expenditures might be scaled down in the same way, and many of them are so cut, for otherwise, notwithstanding the balance of $52 on the showing, there would be a deficiency. The wife turns her dresses, and the husband even turns his coats; the marketing is done with great care, so that something may be saved on the food; the husband takes a sandwich with him from home for his lunch, even, and now and then goes into cheap restaurants, where each guest is his own servitor and all are fed as nearly like pigs as possible. These economies give the poor man a little leeway, and enable him sometimes to pay the premium on his life-insurance policy without borrowing the money. But even after all these economies, he is very poor. And then suppose he loses his employment, or falls sick! Well, then his condition is most deplorable. With income suddenly shut off, he still has his establishment on his hands, and his expenses go on the same as ever. If this continues for several months, he will have contracted debts that years of careful living will not enable him to repay. So handicapped, he is the very poorest of the poor, and from year's end to year's end his nose is kept tightly fixed on the ever-revolving grindstone.

Now, what men constitute this class? In the main, the class consists of higher clerks in large mercantile houses and banks; professional men, such as lawyers, authors, journalists, and artists. All of them are men of some position, envied by their juniors and looked up to by the men who, by manual labor, earn less in money, though they secure a much greater independence. And, singularly enough, these poor men look upon themselves with some complacency, and regard those on the lower levels with amiable tolerance. This is a happy fact, and is another illustration of the truth that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. If it were not for this pride, which at once assists in the undoing of the $2,500 man and somewhat ameliorates his sufferings after he is undone, he would not be so badly off as he is. But he is not even entirely responsible for this false pride, as it is nearly always an accompaniment of the position that makes him what he is. In his reflective moments, however, he is a sad and a humble man, for he looks his real condition in the face and sees for himself that, if he is not the poorest man in the world, he certainly belongs to that class which should be called the poorest of the poor.

Beggars and Tramps in China

By the Rev. F. M. Chapin

In a country so large and so overpopulated as China, it is natural to expect that one would find a large number who, if they subsist at all, must do so at the expense of others. With all the wealth stored up in mines of unsurpassed richness, and a soil that has remained fertile though tilled for more than forty centuries, the Chinese are the poorest people on the face of the globe. In one province, that of Shantung, a careful inquiry made by an Englishman, the Rev. Mr. Jones, shows that, on an average, the amount spent for food and clothing cannot exceed two cents a day. When we reflect that there are thousands of rich men in this province, which has a larger population than Great Britain, and tens of thousands who live comfortably, if not in luxury, we shall have some proximate idea of that lower stratum which has to subsist on less than seven dollars per annum. In fact, notwithstanding that the Chinese laborer has been a well-known figure in the United States for a quarter of a century, it is still difficult to realize how any people can continue to exist on so low a plane of living. We should be led to suppose that the whole nation would become beggars. This is far from being the case. As a rule, the Chinese do not beg. There is perhaps wanting that feeling of independence which is so often seen among the poor of our great cities, who will sometimes starve rather than let their needs be known. Yet they struggle on alone against great odds rather than take to the road or become an encumbrance to their relatives. But for these last the condition of the poor would literally be insupportable. The family tie is, however, a strong one; when nothing else is to be done, the poor turn to the more fortunate members of the clan, and these usually give some aid. Not infrequently some well-to-do farmer receives a visit from some unfortunate whom he hardly knows by sight, who settles himself down at his fireside and stays there until he sees that his welcome is worn so threadbare that to attempt remaining longer might be to his own injury. Officials of every class, and rich men who are increasing their gains, are never without these hangers-on, who think it the duty of their more fortunate relatives to provide them with some place where they are certain of their rice daily, to say nothing of tobacco. Employment is what the poorer classes invariably seek for. But the supply is so much greater than the demand that the price of labor is always low. Farmers get good help the year through by paying five dollars and board; teachers are glad to engage for a

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still smaller sum; and the day-laborer is satisfied with five cents and eats his own food.

Under these circumstances we cannot wonder that the number of beggars and tramps is always large, and that few take to this mode of getting a living unless obliged to. A rich beggar in China would be an anomaly indeed. Whatever the fraternity in Italy, Turkey, or England are able to do, in this land they would stand a hard chance. Benevolence there is on a limited scale; but the design is to give so as to sustain life, based on the supposition that others do their share. And as the others cannot be depended upon for this, the result is that the beggar leads a very sorry life.

In many cities during the winter a soup-kitchen is opened at the expense of the wealthy and under the patronage of some official, where a single bowl of millet mush is given out. To eke out the remainder of the day's food the beggar goes from door to door, calling for *cash* or cold victuals. Often refused, and always an unwelcome visitor, he adds a little to what he has already, but it is far less than equal to the amount required to sustain life. In Pekin the beggars go about in scanty clothing for the purpose of exciting compassion. A well-dressed man there would stand little chance of receiving anything beyond blows or curses. As the weather is such in the coldest months that without some protection they would certainly freeze, a preparation of arsenic is rubbed on the skin to make it impervious to the cold, and a small bowl containing burning charcoal is concealed under the sacking around the loins. Even thus partially protected the sufferings of these men must often be severe. During the summer months they fare better; the large numbers of travelers on the roads, students going to the capital for examination, are seldom appealed to in vain. All along the great highways hundreds and even thousands of wretches lie in wait for the passer-by. Small boys run after his cart, make a *kowtow*, and, scrambling to their feet, follow after for a mile or more unless rewarded with the baksheesh. Every road leading to some shrine, such as the sacred mountain of T'ai An, is infested with them. They are of all ages and dressed in every kind of garb, from that of nature to a ragged sheepskin and a pair of shoes. All, or nearly all, are bareheaded; but, though often without any other apparel, except around the loins, nearly every one has on a pair of shoes. This latter is as necessary to a Chinaman as a tall hat to an African prince. Only young children and the very poorest of the beggars go barefoot.

In summer, as I have said, the beggar fares better than during the cold weather. He is able to get around, to visit the farmer's corn-field and potato-patch, besides picking up many an unconsidered trifle which is readily disposed of. He has no anxiety as to where to spend the night, for any doorway, or the recesses of some small temple, will answer very well. His greatest trouble is to get *cash* enough with which to purchase the ashes of the opium-pipe. These he swallows and thus forgets his sorrows. Most beggars are opium-users. Some owe their present misery to the drug, while others have learned its potent effects to make them for a time forget hunger and cold and the inevitable ills of a vagrant's life.

What proportion of the beggar class are such by profession it is difficult, almost impossible, to ascertain. A large number add to the ills they have, using various means, to excite the pity of strangers. The writer once saw a Buddhist priest who had what seemed a terrible gash on his hand still unhealed. A careful examination showed that the hand was not his own, but was one which he carried about to show the public in order to excite sympathy. Instances are not unknown of mothers maiming their children in order that they might, as it were, have a better capital with which to beg a living.

When we turn to the tramps, we find that we have different elements to deal with than those of European lands. A tramp in China is what his name implies—one who tramps. There are few railroads, and these he has not learned to patronize. The boats on the many rivers are too small to stow himself away in and ride as a deadhead. And the people everywhere are not given to asking strangers to ride, though they may drive past the traveler in an empty cart. Hence it is impossible for him to get anywhere without going on foot. Most of this class are persons in really destitute circumstances. Drought or floods have disappointed their expectations and forced them to flee from a region in which to remain is certain starvation. After every such affliction as too much or too little rain in any district, the traveler is certain to come upon companies of people, men, women, and children, fleeing for their lives to some more favored locality where they may beg their living until spring, when they will return and plant once more in hopes of a harvest. A wheelbarrow carries all their worldly effects, besides the younger children. Oftentimes the women are obliged to ride, owing to their little feet, upon which they cannot hobble far in a day without intense pain. These refugees, for they may be truly termed such, put up at small inns or at the temples, where they pay little or nothing for a night's lodging; they separate at daybreak to beg, the women and children going one way while the men take another. Where there is a number together it is a common practice to secure the aid of some teacher to write them a request for aid, their numbers, and the cause of their leaving home. This is generally considered a more respectable mode of begging than that of entering the compound and bawling for food until the owner gives something in order to be rid of a nuisance.

Usually the women and children are the most successful in working upon the sympathies of their countrymen. But these last often resort to methods which it would not be prudent for a man to imitate. All the small trifles which are exposed for sale on the streets are pilfered from, cakes are snatched before the face and eyes of the pastryman, and readily concealed in the large sleeves, or given to the children to eat. The shopkeeper understands very well that he is helpless. If he protests, he is laughed at by others, and feels disgraced at being engaged in a quarrel with a woman. Should he attempt to revile—that national weapon of the Chinese—he is more than matched by his adversary, whose whole life has probably been spent in cursing her neighbors or attempting to control unruly children. And it is useless to go to law, for the offense is too trivial in the first place, and in all probability the magistrate would take the woman's view of the matter and decide that, as the articles were taken in plain sight, it cannot be construed that she intended to steal, so in the end he would at most get his goods back again at an expense of many times their value.

In a large district south of Pekin there is a county which is flooded annually. A neighboring river, when it threatens to overflow its banks, is allowed to inundate this region rather than desolate a much larger one. The villages, in anticipation of this annual overflow, are built nearly twelve feet above the plain. The country being fertile, the farmers are able to secure one crop yearly, and once in six or eight years they harvest an additional one. Owing to the annual flooding of the district, however, the inhabitants have become accustomed to leave their homes at the opening of winter, and make long tramps to the south and west, begging their way from town to town. This habit once formed has become to them almost a necessity, and it matters not whether the harvests have been good or poor, whether the individual is rich or not, when the wild geese fly south they too take their march for warmer regions to follow a gypsy life that has more pleasures and fascinations than those around their own homestead. A few years ago, at one of the cities on the Grand Canal, there arrived a large company of women, said to have numbered full five hundred, who were tramping their way through the country without other escort than a few men who wheeled their barrows laden with bedding. The whole city was astonished at the sight of them. The more favored ones hastened to shut up shop and go out of business for the day, rather than face the crowd and run the risk of losing more than they could sell. Even the mandarin was startled, and sent them a present of money with an escort of soldiers, nominally for their protection, but in reality to make sure that,

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like little Joe, they should "move on." After all, it takes a woman to do things, even so apparently simple a thing as begging.

Linching, North China.

The Spectator

Nothing interests the Spectator more, in that fortnight or so preceding the Fourth of July, than to overhear what the boys are talking about, whenever he finds them in groups upon the playground, or lingering at street-corners in squads, or stretched out upon the grass in some shady nook, all talking together, as a rule, or, if listening to one earnest declaimer for a moment, continually breaking in suddenly with a storm of dissent or shout of approval. If the Spectator ever feels pardoned for eavesdropping, it is on the outskirts of a congress of wide-awake boys.

❀

This time it was a half-dozen or more of public-school boys, youngsters from twelve to fifteen, who, on their way home at noon, had dropped down on the steps of the City Hall to settle, evidently, some important question before separating for the day. One of them had a toy pistol which was being passed around, every boy snapping the trigger, and some taking aim at a comrade—the little fellow who resented being made a target of walking off under a storm of jeers. "By and by they'll have scared all of the boys of the country out of keeping Fourth of July," spoke up the owner of the pistol. "They'll expect us to do nothing but put on our good clothes, and read United States history, with a glass of lemonade, mebbe—" "I wish," another boy was saying before the other had done, "that they'd give us a Fourth that is worth something. They didn't do nothing last year even, and that was the Columbian—" "Columbus didn't fight on Bunker Hill," roared out his interrupter, "and he didn't sign the Declaration of Independence either. My great-grandfather—" But his great-grandfather had no chance against the boy who was telling just what kind of a Fourth of July he would like—just what kind would be a boomer!

❀

The Spectator's ears were on the alert. It would be worth knowing just how a bright, intelligent boy like that would have the whole country to keep Independence Day. This was his idea: Every bell that had a clapper should ring, not only at sunrise and sunset, but all day long. Public buildings should be gay with flags. The bands should play all the time and everywhere, the military should be out and should keep out and marching around, while the supply of firecrackers, and the liberality with which they should be distributed—"great big stacks of 'em for anybody who wanted 'em"—was far beyond anything his listeners had heard of before, but all was in harmony with their views, evidently, of what the supply should be. Then there should be bowery booths of evergreen along the streets and in the parks, and, to crown all, a sham battle on the Fair grounds, which, if carried out as described, would be a spectacular exhibition surpassing anything ever seen before—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and General Grant holding at bay Napoleon Bonaparte and Bismarck and no end of ferocious wild Indians—every foe this country has ever known should lie under the heel of victorious America in the closing tableau of her triumphant ascendency and victory! After the sunset bells had done ringing, then this boy of fiery patriotism would have the whole country unite in singing, at the same moment, the same hymn, the same National anthem; all the people going outside of their houses as far as possible to do so, all the musical instruments of the country, organs, pianos, and the rest, playing the same air for accompaniment, closing with one grand, glorious hurrah!

❀

That that would be something like a celebration of the Fourth of July the boys stood agreed. In another moment they had dispersed, the idea of the whole land uniting at once in singing the National anthem evidently absorbing their thoughts. As the father of one of them was the editor of a newspaper, the bringing about of the scheme seemed easy enough. "Our National anthem?" mused the Spectator. "Which one of the several patriotic hymns is *the* National anthem?" He asked the question of the first wise man he met. The wise man could not answer. He said the question never had been answered, and that it was high time it was settled. Thereupon the wise man told of something that had happened in his personal experience only the year before when he was returning from Europe on one of the great steamers. The Fourth of July found him in mid-ocean, the passengers celebrating the day as best they could. There was a famous prima donna aboard—an American woman. She had suggested that the National anthem of every nation represented among the passengers should be sung that evening. Great Britain opened the concert with "God Save the Queen." There had been no halt in the programme until the grand finale was called for—the National anthem of the United States. The prima donna, upon sitting down to the piano, had asked, after a round of applause, "What am I to sing? 'My Country, 'tis of Thee'?" "But that is not our National anthem," spoke up a millionaire of the Pacific coast. "That will do for New England, but not for California." "Of course that is not the National anthem," rang in a Southern lady, a slight sarcasm in her velvety voice. "'Land of the Pilgrims' pride' means Massachusetts in that hymn, not South Carolina."

❀

A stout German-American, one of the merchant princes of Chicago, offered as his opinion that the thousands of his countrymen who were good and naturalized citizens of the United States could sing "Land where our fathers died" only when they meant their Faderland—which surely was not the "Pilgrims' pride" of the hymn mentioned. An Afro-American of distinction was hereupon moved to say that the six or seven millions of his people in the United States could not accept "My Country, 'tis of Thee" as their National anthem. Their forefathers had been largely kidnapped from Africa; the Southern States, not New England, had been the home of most of them. It had not been a sweet land of liberty for his fathers. Was it necessary, he asked, for Americans to parodize an English composition and borrow an English tune when they gave to their children a National hymn?

❀

A breezy, good-natured discussion had followed. The claims of each of the several popular songs which have been called National anthems, to have precedence before all others, were presented and advocated, but no common agreement was reached. Which one should be sung upon that occasion as *the* National anthem? Finally the "Star-Spangled Banner" was agreed upon. Then another serious difficulty arose—no one knew the words, saving a line or two, and there was no copy among them. Madame —— knew the air and could play the accompaniment, but, American that she was, she could not repeat more than a line or two of the first verse of the song. The English, Germans, French, and Russians, who knew their National anthems as perfectly as they did their names, could hardly believe that in a company of thirty and more intelligent Americans not one could repeat what it had been supposed by many was their National anthem, and that all together could not decide upon what, for that occasion at least, the National anthem should be.

❀

The wise man told the Spectator that he had been mortified beyond description by what was an exhibition of lack of patriotism in Americans. It had shown him how defective our educational system has been in not teaching children to sing the National songs. Happily, that defect exists no longer. Memorial Day has changed all that. But he wished that the children of our public schools could tell what the National anthem is, and repeat it accurately from beginning to end—that is, when the question of what it is has been finally decided. He believed that it was yet to be written. "The culture of a true patriotism" was a phrase which the wise man had repeated several times in their talk. The Spectator found himself repeating it as he made his way up the crowded thoroughfare. He was questioning if such a thing has real, tangible existence among us as yet—the culture, not the patriotism: nobody doubts that we have the genuine article in patriotism, but would not its culture be a good thing, particularly in our boys?

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The Home

An Irritant of the Times

A little book that will rouse the attention of the reader, even if lying in a hammock swayed by gentle breezes and lulled by the songs of the wind in the trees, is "Literary and Social Silhouettes."[1] No woman can read the book without a thrill of resentment, even when she recognizes the truth of the portrait of the type.

Professor Boyesen devotes the first chapter to Types of American Women, and a large part of that chapter is devoted to what he calls the aspiring woman. He gives an amusing incident of an evening dance at Cornell University, where, as he whirled out on the floor for his first waltz with a young lady, she said, "Now, won't you be kind enough to give me, just in a few words, the gist of Spinoza's ethics?" and then the writer of the essay tells us that he learned afterward that the young lady danced because it was good for her digestion. Probably no truth is more certain than that American women do take life too seriously. That lighter view of men and things that does so much toward making life happier does not come naturally to the majority of women. Here and there one meets a woman who suggests the lines:

> "The world that owns itself so sad
> Is proud to keep some faces glad."

The saddest product of our civilization is the aspiring woman. She is the personification of restlessness, mentally and physically. The lines in her face are those one expects to find in a mariner on a storm-tossed sea, who has lost chart and compass. There is no security, no harbor, no anchorage. Books are mines to be worked, not friends to be loved. A man identified as of the world of letters is but an object at which may be fired the question: "Now, will you kindly give me the gist of Spinoza's ethics?" A man of social prominence is but a rung in a ladder; a man of politics, but the possibility of a newspaper paragraph with her name as the jewel. She is the woman who hugs the paper that publishes her little "piece."

There is no present for such a woman—life is all a future; the temple of fame is of many kinds of architecture, but she fills its narrow portal, and cares not what its arch may be.

The aspiring woman is the one that changes our civilization. Home, for such a woman, is but a background, and the whole world is but one great mine from which she seeks to draw that which she rarely has the ability to recognize. While the thought of the aspiring woman is to do, she is whipped with cords of her own making, and those whose fate is linked with hers are compelled to be a part of the evils that follow in her train.

> "And, striving to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form."

That is aspiring for character—not place, not recognition. The one means growth, the other seeking; the one means peace, the other war—war with self, war with conditions.

The "game of definitions" produced the other evening this rather clever example:

"Life—A workshop in which no one, from the foreman down to the smallest apprentice, knows but that he will lose his job before night."

"Don't you think that was a finished address?" said a conceited orator to an opponent. "Yes, I do," was the reply; "but at one time I thought it never would be."—*Youth's Companion.*

[1] By Professor H. H. Boyesen. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

A Day in the Country

By Rachel Dunkirk

It was a holiday, and, to the joy of the trainmen and station agents, if not the traveling public, Sunday regulations prevailed. Two travelers, with the faith of two children, left town for the day without other preparations than overshoes and umbrellas. The day was a holiday, but the errand was business; the destination an unknown land, except geographically. They found themselves in a beautiful rolling farming country. The recent rains had filled the brooks to overflowing, and they foamed, rushing and tumbling over the stones, miniature torrents. The road to the unknown house wound in and around as though the civil engineer were the leisurely cow whose object was the finding of toothsome patches of feeding-ground, even in this land of milk and honey for her bovine kind. The houses were not even in sight of each other, but each had been placed as near in touch with the outside world as the road would permit. Before only one house was there a patch of green. With all the beauty of the region, which seemed to breathe peace and plenty, dotted here and there were the bare walls and intrusive chimneys of deserted houses, which tauntingly asserted that, in spite of the promise that this country was to fulfill the chief desire of two weary workers as a land in which there was no evidence of struggle, it did not fulfill it. All nature here spoke of contentment and plenty; but struggle was here, and for some it had meant defeat, and the legacy was left to prove that the land was only a land of promise.

But even these roofless, windowless houses could not strangle the thrill of joy that moved these wanderers in an unknown land. There was the great expanse of blue sky, an atmosphere so clear that every leaf stood out in its glistening beauty in the morning sunshine. The woods were full of birds, the flowers dotted roadside and field, the holiday had silenced even the busy farmer's life, and only the cows gave evidence of leisurely activity. The few houses were closed, and the barn doors securely fastened. After they left the station these wanderers were alone, except for birds and cattle. The station-master's directions were followed, and they found themselves at the door of the "three-cornered store," which was locked and bolted. A ring at the near-by house remained so long unanswered that they concluded the journey was in vain, and that the keys to the fairy castle would not be found. At last the door opened, but it was the wrong house; a half-mile further on they found the keys, and, triumphant as well as expectant, they followed the noisy brook, and crossed over the red bridge with its deserted mill to the looked-for house. A tangle of weeds, rosebushes, blackberry and raspberry bushes added to its beauty and attractiveness. It nestled against the hillside, shaded by great walnut trees, like a dainty maiden who had chosen the protection and shelter of a strong, handsome man. Rest! Could there be any other element than rest and happiness in such surroundings? The old mill, moss-grown and venerable, told its tale of long, happy, peaceful days when the hum of the mill was the music of the valley. One almost expected to see the miller come out and shade his eyes to see whether the expected customer was *en route*, or whether the cows were in the field below the orchard. Now all was still. The grindstones were on the mill floor; the machinery, rusted and fallen from place, told the story of silenced business. The white dust had grown gray and brown, and added to the gloom of the silent mill. The wagon-house was bare and empty; like the old barn, its architecture alone told what it had been.

The empty house told of the struggle between the house of the past and the present. Each epoch of home-making had left its imprint. There was the wide open chimney with its chimney-closets, while the painted border on the floor told of the new order of house-furnishing. Between the high, small-pane windows were the enameled, painted book-shelves, while the dismantled hall-seat told of the home upholstering that had made its beauty.

Over the tiny house, where good taste and refinement had left their imprint, two weary city workers rambled. As

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the shadows lengthened they left the little yellow house and the old mill. Standing on the red bridge where the turbulent brook made speech impossible, one looked back longingly at the closed shutters and barred doors, knowing that some other dweller would pluck the roses that lay in tangled mass about the door.

Two hours later the travelers stood in the crowded city streets talking over to-morrow's business, richer than in the morning because of the pictures from the very heart of nature that the day's experience had fastened on the memory.

With a Chafing-Dish

By Christine Terhune Herrick

The chafing-dish may be a potent aid to the housekeeper in hot noons, when she wishes one savory dish to supplement the array of cold dainties that furnish her luncheon or dinner table. It is no less helpful in preparing an appetizer for supper in the first chill evenings of autumn, when the palate craves something more substantial than the simple viands that have satisfied it during the heated term.

The chafing-dish may be costly or inexpensive, of block tin, agate iron, britannia-ware, copper, nickel plate, or of solid silver. Its management is in every case the same, and as excellent results may be evolved from a tin pan balanced over a fifteen-cent alcohol lamp as from the most elaborate chafing-dish ever turned out.

Creamed Salmon.—Two hours before it is needed, turn the contents of a can of salmon out upon a platter. Pick it to pieces with a fork, removing all bits of bone or skin, and draining from it the liquid.

At luncheon or supper-time, rub together a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter. Light the lamp under your chafing-dish, put the butter and flour into this, and stir them until they melt and bubble. When they reach this state, pour in slowly a cupful of milk and continue stirring until you have a thick, smooth sauce. To this add your salmon, still stirring, pepper and salt it to taste, and when the mass is well blended and smoking hot, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon. Extinguish your lamp and serve the fish.

Some practice will be needed in the management of the lamp. If it is turned too low, the process of cooking will be tedious; if too high, there will be danger of scorching the food. A little experience will teach more than many directions.

Creamed lobster is prepared like creamed salmon. Indeed, any kind of fish left-overs may be used in the same way.

Lobster Sauté.—Melt a tablespoonful of butter in your chafing-dish. As soon as it is bubbling hot, put in a pint of the meat of fresh lobster, or the contents of a can of lobster. If the latter is used, it should have been turned out a couple of hours before it is needed, and in either case the meat should be cut—not chopped—into small pieces. Stir the lobster briskly, salt to taste, add a dash of cayenne and the juice of half a lemon. As soon as the lobster is *very* hot, it is done.

Savory Lobster.—Put into your chafing-dish a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a saltspoonful of dry mustard, as much salt, and a couple of dashes of cayenne pepper. Stir in the lobster next. The meat of one large or two small ones may be used, or the contents of a can. When it is smoking hot, put in a wineglassful of sherry and the juice of half a lemon, cook a minute longer, and serve. The wine may be omitted if desired, but its use adds much to the flavor of the dish. In chafing-dish cookery a fork is the best implement for stirring.

Creamed Chicken.—Have cold roast, boiled, or stewed chicken cut or minced beforehand. Prepare a white sauce as directed for creamed salmon, by cooking together butter and flour and adding the milk. When it is thick and smooth, put in the minced chicken and stir until it is hot. Salt and pepper to taste. A little celery-salt is a great improvement to the flavor. Cold lamb or veal or sweetbreads may be used in the same way, and any fowl is excellent thus cooked.

A Savory Réchauffé.—Put into the chafing-dish two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of fruit jelly—apple, currant, or grape—with a saltspoonful of dry mustard. Stir until the butter and jelly are melted and blend. A rather low flame should be used for this to prevent any danger of the jelly scorching. If wine is used, a couple of tablespoonfuls of sherry will be found an acceptable addition. In the sauce thus prepared lay slices of underdone lamb, mutton, or roast beef. Salt and pepper them to taste and let them simmer for several minutes, turning them often that they may be heated and seasoned thoroughly, yet not scorched. This is an admirable recipe for warming over cold game or fowl.

Curried Meat.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a chafing-dish and cook in this a small onion cut in thin slices. When it is well browned add to it a tablespoonful of flour wet up with a little cold water, a teaspoonful of curry-powder, the juice of a lemon, and a gill of hot water. Let all simmer together, stirring constantly for about five minutes, then lay in slices of cold meat cut very thin, or stir in dice of the same. The meat should cook about ten minutes before it is served. If this allowance of curry-powder makes the stew too hot for the ordinary palate, less may be used.

Lamb Chops.—Rub the inside of the chafing-dish with butter, make it *very* hot, and broil the chops in it. They should be turned often, and if they show signs of scorching or sticking, a little more butter may be applied. Large, thick chops cannot be so easily cooked in this fashion, but small lamb chops or a rather thin tenderloin of steak may readily be prepared in a chafing-dish, and is hardly less excellent than one that has been broiled on a gridiron. The essential point is to have the dish so hot when the meat is laid in as to sear the surface at once and thus prevent the escape of the juices.

Scrambled Eggs.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the chafing-dish; break into a bowl six eggs and mix them just enough to blend the yolks and whites. Turn them into the chafing-dish and stir constantly with a fork until they are a smooth yellow mass. Just as they begin to thicken add a gill of milk. Salt and pepper to taste and eat at once. In cooking keep the eggs well stirred from the bottom, as they scorch easily.

Lyonnaise Eggs.—To two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted in the chafing-dish, put a small onion, sliced very thin, a couple of sprigs of parsley, minced, and cook until the onions are lightly browned. Add a gill of milk in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of flour, stir two or three minutes, and lay in six hard-boiled eggs, each cut into four slices. Let them simmer for a few minutes, handling them carefully, as they break readily. Serve very hot.

Curried Eggs.—Prepare a sauce like that directed for curried meat. Have ready six hard-boiled eggs, each one cut into three pieces; lay these in the gravy, and let them simmer over a low flame for six or eight minutes.

Cheese Pudding.—Prepare before coming to table a cup of fine bread-crumbs, two cups of grated cheese, and beat two eggs light in a bowl. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in the chafing-dish, add a cupful of milk, a tiny pinch of soda, the crumbs, the cheese, and pepper and salt to taste. Last of all, put in the two eggs and stir for about three minutes before serving.

Welsh Rarebit.—Melt a heaping tablespoonful of butter in the chafing-dish with a saltspoonful of dry mustard, and stir into this three cupfuls of grated cheese. As it begins to soften add about a gill of ale, or, in default of this, an equal quantity of boiling water. Stir vigorously all the time, and when the mixture is thick, smooth, and a rich yellow, it is done. Three or four minutes should suffice after the cheese is in, but it is almost impossible to give a positive rule for Welsh rarebit. If the cooking is checked too soon, the cheese becomes tough and stringy; if it continues too long, there is danger that it will curdle. Only the eye of experience can tell when the exact point is reached to produce a compound of delicious indigestibility. It should be served on toast, but if this is not at hand, square snowflake crackers make very tolerable substitutes.

Panned Oysters.—In two tablespoonfuls of butter melted in a chafing-dish lay twenty good-sized oysters. As soon as the edges curl, dust them with pepper and salt, and serve at once, on toast.

A Useless Appendage

Sometimes the suggestions in the newspapers for the furnishing and arrangement of houses are so funny as to be more amusing than the column set aside for the jokes. Recently, in great seriousness, a daily newspaper said that every country house should have a veranda-room inclosed with glass in its original plan. This veranda-room should have means of being heated. Now, the amusing part of it is that people who are able to support and maintain such luxuries do not get their ideas from the daily papers. The ideas in the daily papers should be such as will be of practical value to people of limited incomes; and when it is realized that five hundred dollars is the average income of families in America, the impossibility of main-

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taining heated veranda-rooms is very obvious. Rent and fuel are the two items that hold even Pegasus to the earth. Only recently a writer of short poems, being congratulated on a sweet little poem that appeared in one of the magazines, replied: "Oh, yes, I guess it is a good thing: it bought five tons of coal."

The secret of comfort in living is to create a balance between income and outgo that will give freedom, and the newspaper that ministers best to the life of its readers is the one that keeps this fact eternally before the eye of its editor. A business man who had put a lot of money into a newspaper once said: "I tell you what you have got to do is to make that paper save the price of its subscription in every family that pays for it." When one thinks of the limited time that most housekeepers have for reading, the importance of using space in newspapers for practical, workable ideas is very evident. The best suggestions come from the readers. Some one asked the late Henry J. Raymond how it was that his paper always discussed the topics in which people were interested. His reply was: "I keep my fingers on the public pulse." Doubtless the public pulse to this editor was the mail-basket. The readers of a newspaper can serve their own interests best by taking the time to ask questions, to make criticisms, to make suggestions. It is a mistake to imagine that every editor considers himself sufficient to meet his readers' wants. His mind is open, as well as his purse, to supply that which his public demands.

The Vacation Fund

On Monday morning of last week the writer, at half-past eight o'clock, entered the open door of Cherry Vale. On the back piazza, in full range of vision, was a group of five girls seated in comfortable chairs in the shade, with a cool breeze blowing from the Sound. Never was a picture of perfect rest and contentment more clearly presented. One of the girls leaned back, her thin figure showing in its outline the absolute relaxation of a worn-out body. Her smile itself was wan, as though she were too exhausted to really take any interest in anything about her. Across the road was a girl full of life and activity, her brown hair caught in a beautiful Psyche knot on top of her head, her figure showing entire absence of corsets, with a dress made on the most recent reform model. She had a beautiful figure, and was very graceful. Fastened in the side of the Psyche knot were two beautiful daisies. She made a picture, as she came toward one, of youth and vitality aroused to the height of enthusiasm; and she presented the bunch of daisies and wheat-heads as though she wished there were a dozen there who would take what she would gladly pick for them. She had already filled a large bowl in the parlor and the umbrella-stand in the hall.

It is impossible to convey in words a picture of Cherry Vale this summer. The floors throughout the house have been entirely refinished. All evidence of wear and tear has been removed. A few necessary pieces of furniture and a table have been added to the large parlor. Houghton Seminary, of Clinton, N. Y., has sent several pictures, framed, which have been scattered through the house where they were greatly needed. Some empty book-shelves in the library are asking for books. The dining-room, with its three tables, set to accommodate eight each, with large fern-dishes with growing ferns in the center, white tablecloths, and beautiful blue-and-white tableware, must be a revelation to at least some of the girls who will call Cherry Vale home for two weeks this summer. Every room in the house bears the mark of friendship from some school or group of girls. There never was a more beautiful evidence, and never can there be a more beautiful expression, of friendship than is embodied in Cherry Vale. It seems to have charged the very atmosphere of the house. The girl who comes from the home where order and the home spirit are strangers, who from childhood has found herself more or less an enemy of the established order of things, here learns her lesson, and the closed fist becomes the open hand. The proud, sensitive girl who has known a home of order and cleanliness, but who, through misfortune, has been compelled to become familiar with the very things in life that she most detests, is here brought back again to familiar scenes.

In all that has been said of Cherry Vale no mention has been made of the matron, to whose exquisite tact, grace, and loving sympathy so much of its success is due. As she comes through the broad hall and out on to the porch to meet the coming guests, her face is as radiant as though she were greeting members of her own family. Her sympathetic tact makes her an intimate friend of all who come under the roof of Cherry Vale, and it is but fair that credit should be given to the woman who, in her own nature, is the embodiment of all that the givers and furnishers of Cherry Vale, as well as its supporters, hope to make it.

There is a waiting list of seventy girls on the books of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society this third week in June, and all the money in the possession of the Society to date has been appropriated. Never can our readers have a better opportunity to make the life of the working-girl more endurable than now.

Previously acknowledged	$1,834 02
F. R.	2 00
H. D. P., Newark, N. Y.	10 00
A Friend	10 00
S., Newtown, Conn.	1 00
A Friend, Petoskey, Mich.	2 00
G. E. B., Hartford, Conn.	3 00
A Friend, Keene, N. H.	5 00
A Friend, Pittsfield, Mass.	10 00
G. K., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.	10 00
Mrs. E. C. T., Keene, N. H.	10 00
Miss M. C. C., Keene, N. H.	5 00
J. E. B., Keene, N. H.	10 00
C. C. T., Bensonhurst-by-the-Sea, N. Y.	5 00
J. R. M., Seattle, Wash.	3 96
Mrs. W. E. M., Boston, Mass.	10 00
F. E. C., Burlington, Ia.	10 00
M. C. B. W., New York, N. Y.	10 00
H. H., Oil City, Pa.	5 00
Total	$1,955 98

A Field Uncovered

Two boys were arrested in Central Park recently whose story told at the police station would indicate that the manual training school of Fagan was in active operation in New York. These boys, who were less than twelve years old, gave a description of a school for the training of pick-pockets in which they were pupils, located on the East Side of New York. According to the description of the boys, they spent one year in this school and six months in a post-graduate course, then they went out under certain teachers from the school and returned the proceeds of their dexterity and cuteness to the school. The proceeds of these small robberies represented payment for their tuition. One of the boys stated that frequently one hundred and fifty dollars was the result of the thefts of these boys to this school for one day.

Could a stronger argument be used for the establishment in our tenement-house districts of manual training schools? These schools should be small enough to permit of personal acquaintance with and personal oversight of the boys by the teacher. It is impossible to train a certain class of boys and girls who grow up in overcrowded tenements in our public schools. The system is not adapted to their minds, their physical conditions, or their home surroundings. They will not accept the rigid discipline of muscle which is inseparable from our public-school system, in which quiet is the desideratum of each teacher. These are the boys who grow up without a trade, without training of any kind, and who are the feeders to our criminal population. It is certainly cheaper to educate a boy for seven years than it is to support a criminal during his maturity.

There comes to mind now a boy in an East Side tenement, whose father is a man who works at one trade all day and at another in the evening. The mother is a weak woman physically and mentally; the boy has grown up on the street. His companions speak of him as a "snide,"

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which means a boy who will borrow money and not pay it back, who will not share his good things with his companions, who never uses his money to secure a common pleasure, and who "swipes"—which is the East Side word for small stealing—whenever he gets the chance. This boy is growing up without any opportunity for the kind of training that he needs. He has slipped through the grammar school, and has as much education as he could not avoid receiving. Now his family would like to teach him a trade; they have not the money to pay for his tuition at a trade-school, and there is no possibility of securing for this boy, with right conditions, a manual training that would develop his moral nature. One looks at him, with his poor physique and his weak mouth, hopelessly. Our educational economy, either public or philanthropic, does not provide for this boy, who is a type of thousands.

The ounce of prevention given to the body politic is the salvation of the Nation as well as its economy. It is far better to provide systems of education that will meet the mental and physical conditions of the mass of the people than it is to provide and support prisons and penitentiaries, hospitals and homes for the destitute, to care for those who become public charges because that same public did not administer at the right time the preventive of crime and destitution. A nation is great, not in proportion as the few individuals achieve greatness, but as the mass of the people are educated to honesty, intelligence, sobriety, and industry. No nation can be great while the mass of its citizens are ignorant, or semi-dependent, or in the attitude of receivers of either material or social charity. No family is growing in intelligence that cannot provide for its social life as well as for its material life. The secret of a nation's development is in the education of the masses, not in the super-development of a picked class. It is not the purity of air on the roofs that indicates the purity of the air of the city, but the cleanliness of the gutters, the freedom of the culverts, the cleanliness of the streets.

The Out-of-Door Room

The tendency of the American woman to burden her housekeeping is to be deplored. It is only recently that we have learned the delights of out-of-door life, and have built our houses with the necessary conveniences. It is a delight to drive through any of our suburban towns and villages, and see even the modest workman's cottage built with a piazza and a bay, while the swinging hammock, though hung in close proximity to the family clothes-line, gives the assurance that there are moments of leisure and preparation for them. No sooner have owner and architect discovered the dawning and developing intelligence of tenants and clients, than the housewife minimizes the good designed for her and her family by decorating (?) the piazza; so-called decorative paragraphs and articles in newspapers and magazines begin to suggest things for the piazza, each one of which means expense and care. What use can there be for jute rugs on a piazza? They make it warmer, they look warmer, and they must be shaken, removed if rain threatens, and dried if forgotten and allowed to get wet or damp. The floor of every piazza should be finished either by a spar finish or paint; the spar finish gives the prettier result, for it shows the grain of the wood, lasts longer than paint, and is more easily kept clean. The Japanese lounges that cost about ten dollars are comfortable, but they should be varnished with the spar varnish as soon as bought, as should all piazza furniture. Pillows should be covered with the grass-cloth covers. This grass-cloth can be bought at any Japanese store, as curtains, and made up. It does not absorb moisture, and can be kept clean by wiping with a damp cloth. All other materials absorb moisture and require more care. A hammock made of barrel-staves costs only the labor and a piece of clothes-line. The staves can be painted red, and, with cushion, make as comfortable a resting-place as a lounge. A laundry-table, with its box seat, is a convenience, and paint or spar varnish adds to its beauty and durability. The passion for display that governs so many homes robs the home life of leisure and rest. Passing the summer home of a wealthy banker recently, it was a delight to see three shabby hammocks swinging in the breeze. On every other piazza about, the hammocks looked as if they had just been hung, and were too good to use. They looked as if they were part of the household bric-à-brac.

The American home is too often a thing for display, apparently. It does not bear the impress of the family life. Surely we might permit the piazza, in summer, to be a place for use, and not for show; a place that would not demand care and oversight. Bamboo screens may be fastened to the roof, to be raised and lowered at pleasure; a folding screen, made of narrow bamboo screens hung on a three or four winged clothes-horse, is a convenience for use during a nap. Awning-cloth does not make good shades for a piazza, for when lowered such shades shut out all the breeze. An iron lantern with colored glass sides is of use, and costs but little in money or care. Paper lanterns are dangerous on windy evenings. Have nothing on the piazza (unless men-servants are kept) that is heavy or that needs much care. If the mark of a merciful man is the mercy he shows his beast, then how much more surely a woman shows her character in the way she furnishes her house! The summer should find the whole method or system of housekeeping reduced to the point that involves the least labor, even though that labor is done by servants. How much more important it is when the mistress has to bear a share in it because she cannot pay for the necessary labor! Some one said, on his return from England, that the charm of an English home was that it was not afraid to be shabby, that the English bought muscle instead of plush. Let the American housekeeper profit by this wisdom.

Seventeen Years Underground

By William H. Coleman

It is not of Russian prisoners and their sufferings in the mines of Siberia that I wish to speak, but of the experience of an American—of a little fellow who passes most of his life underground, without any suffering that I know of, only quietly waiting until the time of his release, and then celebrating in song his few remaining weeks of life spent in the upper air. His name is *cicada septendecim*, better known as the "seventeen-year locust," though he is not a locust at all; and he is now appearing in great numbers in eastern New York and adjoining States.

The cicada best known to people generally is the one whose song is heard every year or so in August, and whose pupa-case is found sticking to the bark of trees—the dog-day cicada, or *cicada tibicen*. But the one now to be described is of much greater interest than the others, and, in one respect, than all other species of insects, for no other has so long a life-period or spends the most of it underground. The mother cicada, in June or July, lays her eggs in the ends of tree-branches, boring holes for the purpose at intervals along the bark with her long, sharp ovipositor, or egg-layer. After laying four hundred to five hundred eggs she dies. In a month or more the eggs hatch, and the larvæ drop to the ground, and with their sharp claws burrow in the earth and disappear from human view. They seek the fine roots of trees, on which they feed, and here for seventeen years they stay—why nobody knows, not even those who have studied them for years. Meantime, other babies will be born on earth, grow up boys and girls, and become young men and women of seventeen, before the little cicadas of the same age reappear, and *they* have only grown from a sixteenth of an inch to about one inch, and, though passing into the pupa state, each looks very much as it did when a larva. But a great change is soon to come.

Towards spring these pupæ burrow upward toward the surface of the ground, and form there a cylindrical hole, from five to ten inches deep, its sides firmly compacted, at

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the bottom of which it waits until the time comes to emerge. About the last week in May the pupa comes forth, usually after 6 P.M., and ascends the nearest tree, and fastens itself to the bark with its sharp claws. In a short time the shell, or envelope, of the pupa splits open on the back, and the perfect cicada, now a winged creature, works its way out, leaving the pupa-case attached to the tree. At first it is soft and nearly white, but in a few hours the wings have dried and expanded, the body assumes its normal coloring of black thorax and abdomen, and red eyes, with red-veined wings. Now follow some weeks of pleasant woodland life, enlivened by the drum music of the male insects, which at times is very loud and shrill. The note may be represented by the letters *tsh-e-e-*E-E-E-E-*e-e-ou*, uttered continuously, and prolonged to a quarter or half minute in length, the middle being deafeningly shrill and piercing to the ear, the ending gradually lowered. The sound is produced by a drum situated in each side between the thorax and the abdomen. It is a tense, dry membrane, crossed by cords or bars, and rapid undulations are produced by contracting muscles.

A singular feature attended the coming out of the cicadas near Albany. On a farm sixteen miles south of the city a piece of partially cleared woodland was found covered with irregular-shaped masses of clay, which, on being broken off, were found to connect with the cicada tunnels. They were brought to the attention of Dr. J. A. Lintner, the State entomologist, who said he had never seen anything of the kind, and could find only one instance on record—at Lancaster, Pa., in 1868. In company with a skilled photographer he visited the spot, collected a number of the clay cones, and had various pictures made of the locality. The curious above-ground structures were from two to three and a half inches in length, rough-molded on the outside, with sticks and leaves worked in. The underground tunnel continued through it to the top, five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and very smooth, but with no outside opening. How they were made and what they were for is at present quite unknown. The cicadas finally emerged from near the top of the cones.

Besides the seventeen-year cicadas, there is another family or race that appears every thirteen years, called *cicada tredecim*. These are found at the South and Southwest. Both races come out in different years in different localities, so that almost every year they are heard of somewhere. The chief broods have pretty well-defined geographical limits, and their reappearance can be accurately foretold. Dr. C. V. Riley, of Washington, who has made a most extended study of these insects, has recorded twenty-one distinct broods, five of which are of the thirteen-year race. New York State contains five, whose last appearances were in 1877, 1882, 1883, 1885, and 1889. The brood we are considering was the first one—the Hudson River brood—and takes in parts of Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Records of it date back to 1724 in New Haven, Conn. In 1885 eggs of the thirteen-year race were sent to various points at the North, among others Albany, to be "planted," the object being to see if they would survive the change of latitude or change their time of coming forth. The eggs were placed on and about a tree on the Corning farm just south of the city, and the tree duly labeled for examination in 1898. Eggs of the seventeen-year race were also sent South from several States. There is no specific difference between the two races.

Although appearing in woodland, and always seeking trees and bushes, the injury they do is not as serious as might be feared. It is only where they appear in large numbers among young trees, or vines, or nursery stock, that much damage is done. Nor do they seem to be increasing from year to year. They have many enemies among the birds and other insects, hogs and other animals are fond of them, ants prey upon the young larvæ, and, of all the eggs, it is said that only two complete their cycle and develop into the perfect insect. A species of fungus also proves fatal to them. Records of their appearance run back to 1633, and long before the vessels of Columbus sighted this western land their drum-corps must have re-echoed through the forest.

Jimmieboy's Fireworks

By John Kendrick Bangs

It was a very great misfortune indeed that Jimmieboy should make the acquaintance of the bumblebee at that particular time—that is to say, everybody thought it was. The bumblebee, as a rule, was one of the jolliest bees in the hive, and passed most of his days humming away as if he were the happiest of mortals; but at the particular moment when Jimmieboy, who wasn't looking where he was going, ran into him, the bee was mad about something, and he settled down on Jimmieboy's cheek and stung him. He was a very thorough bee, too, unhappily, and he never did anything by halves, which is why it was that the sting was about as bad a one and as painful as any bee ever stang. I use the word "stang" here to please Jimmieboy, by the way. It is one of his favorites in describing the incident.

Now, it is bad enough, I have found, to be stung by a bee at any time, but when it happens on the night of July Fourth, and is so painful that the person stung has to go to bed with a poultice over his cheek and eye, and so cannot see the fireworks he has been looking forward to for weeks and weeks, it is about the worst affliction that a small boy can have overtake him—at least it seems so at the time—and that was exactly poor Jimmieboy's case. He had thought and thought and thought about those fireworks for days and days and days, and here, on Fourth of July night, he found himself lying in bed in his room, with one side of his face covered with a bandage, and his poor little other blue eye gazing at the ceiling, while his ears listened to the sizzling of the rockets and pinwheels and the thunderous booming of the bombs.

"Mean old bee!" he said, drowsily, as his other blue eye tried to peer out of the window in the hope of seeing at least one rocket burst. "I didn't mean to upset him."

"I know you didn't," sobbed a little voice at his side. "And I didn't mean to sting you, only I didn't know it was you, and I was mad because somebody's picked a rose I'd had my eye on for a week, and you ran into me and spilled all the honey I'd gug—gathered, and then I—I was so irritated I stuck my stingers out and stang you. Can't you forgive me?"

Jimmieboy withdrew his other blue eye from the window in wonderment. He was used to queer things, but this seemed the queerest yet. The idea of a bumblebee coming to apologize to a boy for stinging him made him smile in spite of his disappointment and his pain.

"Who are you?" he said, looking toward the foot of the bed, whence the voice had come.

"I used to be a bumblebee," sobbed the little voice, "but I've changed my first letter from 'b' to 'h.' I'm only an humble-bee now, and all because I've treated you so badly. I really didn't mean to, and I've come to help you have a good time to-night, so that you won't miss the fireworks."

"Don't mention it," said Jimmieboy, kindly. "It was my fault, after all. I hadn't ought to have run into you."

"Yes, you had ought to have, too," moaned the little bee. "You were just right in running into me. I hadn't ought to have got in your way."

"Well, anyhow, it's all right," said Jimmieboy. "You're forgiven—though you did hurt me like everything."

"I know it," sobbed the bee. "I almost wish you'd get a pin and stick it into me once, so as to sort of just even things up. It would hurt me, I know, but then I'd feel better after I got well."

"Indeed I won't," said Jimmieboy, with a determined shake of his head. "That won't do any good, and what's the use anyhow, as long as you didn't mean it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the bee answered. "I'm only a bug, after all, you know, and so I don't understand things that human beings which has got brains can understand. I've noticed, though, that sometimes when a boy gets hurt it sort of makes him feel better if he hurts back."

"I wouldn't mind a bit if I could only see the fireworks," said Jimmieboy. "That's what hurts the most."

"Well, I'll tell you what you do," said the bee; "if

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that's all you feel bad about, we can fix it up in a jiffy. Do you know what a jiffy is?"

"No, I don't," said Jimmieboy.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the bee, "but don't you ever tell:

"Sixty seconds make a minute,
Sixty minutes make an hour;
But a second has within it
Sixty jiffies full of power.

In other words, a jiffy is just the same thing to a second as the second is to the minute or the minute to the hour; and, dear me, what billions of things can happen in a jiffy! Why, they're simply enormous."

"They must be," said Jimmieboy, "if, as you say, you can fix me up in regard to the fireworks in a jiffy."

"There isn't any if about it," returned the bee. "Just turn over and put your face into the pillow, and see what you can see."

"I can't see anything with both eyes in my pillow, much less with one," said Jimmieboy.

"Well—try it," said the bee. "I know what I'm buzzing about."

So Jimmieboy, just to oblige his strange little friend, turned over and buried his face in the pillow. At first, as far as he could see, there was nothing going on in the pillow to make it worth while; but all of a sudden, just as he was about to withdraw his face, a great golden pinwheel began to whizz and whirr right in front of him, only instead of putting forth fire it spouted jewels and flowers, and finally right out of the middle of it there popped a tiny bit of a creature all dressed in spangles, looking for all the world like a Brownie. He bowed to Jimmieboy politely, and requested him to open his mouth as wide as he could.

"What for?" asked Jimmieboy, naturally a little curious to know the meaning of this strange proceeding.

"I am going to set off the sugar-plum bomb," the little creature replied. "But of course if you don't want the sugar-plums you can keep your mouth closed."

"Can't I catch 'em in my hands?" said Jimmieboy.

"You can if you want to, but they won't be of any use if you do," returned the little creature. "You see, this bomb shoots out candy instead of sparks, but the candy is so delicate that, like the sparks in fire fireworks, it goes out just as soon as it comes down. If you catch 'em in your hands you won't be able to see how good they taste, don't you see?"

"Yeh," said Jimmieboy, opening his mouth as wide as he could, and so speaking with difficulty. "Hire ahay!"—by which I presume he meant fire away, only he couldn't say it plainly with his mouth open.

And then the little creature set off the sugar-plum bomb, and the candies it put forth were marvelous in number and sweetness, and, strange to say, there wasn't one of them that, in falling, came down anywhere but in the mouth of the small boy who had been "stang."

"Got any cannon crackers?" asked Jimmieboy, delighted with what he had already seen, as soon as the sweet taste from the sugar-plums died away. "I'm fond of noise, too."

"Well," said the little creature, "we have great big crackers, only they don't break the silence in just the way you mean. They make a noise, but it isn't just a plain ordinary crash such as your cannon crackers make. We call 'em our Grand Opera Crackers. I'll set one off and let you see what I mean."

So the little creature opened a big chest that in some way happened to come up out of the ground beside him, and with difficulty hauled from it a huge thing that looked like the ordinary giant crackers that Jimmieboy was used to seeing. It was twice as big as the little creature, but he got it out nevertheless.

"My!" cried Jimmieboy. "That's fine. That ought to make lots of noise."

"It will," returned the little creature, touching a match to the fuse. "Just listen now."

The fuse burned slowly along, and then, with a great puff of smoke, the cracker burst, but not into a mere crash as the little creature had hinted, but into a most entrancing military march, that was inspiring enough to set even the four legs of the heaviest dinner-table to strutting about the room. Jimmieboy could hardly keep his own feet still as the music went on, but he did not dare draw his face away from the pillow so that he might march about the room, for fear that by so doing he would lose what might remain of this wonderful exhibition, whose like he had never even dreamed of before, and alongside of which he felt that the display he had missed by having to go to bed must be as insignificant as a pin compared to Cleopatra's needle.

"That was fine!" he cried, ecstatically, as the last echoes of the musical cracker died away. "I wouldn't mind having a hundred packs of those. Have you got any music torpedoes?"

"No," returned the little creature. "But we've got picture torpedoes. Look at this." The little creature here took a small paper ball from the chest, and, slamming it on the ground with all his might, it exploded, and the spot whereon it fell was covered with a gorgeous little picture of Jimmieboy himself, all dressed in sailor's clothes and dancing a hornpipe.

"That's a very good picture of you," said the little creature, looking at the dancing figure. "It's so full of motion, like you. Here's another one," he added, as the picture from the first torpedo faded away. "This shows how you'd look if you were a fairy."

The second torpedo was slammed down upon the ground just as the first had been, and Jimmieboy had the pleasure of seeing himself in another picture, only this time he had gossamer wings and a little wand, and he was flying about a great field of poppies and laughing with a lot of other fairies, among whom he recognized his little brothers and a few of his playmates. He could have looked at this all night and not grown weary of it, but, like a great many other good things, the picture could not last forever, and just at the most interesting point, when he saw himself about to fly a race across the poppy-field with a robin, the picture faded away, and the little creature called out: "Now for the finest of the lot. Here goes the Fairy-Book Rocket!"

With a tremendous whizz, up soared the most magnificent rocket you ever saw. It left behind it a trail of golden fire that was dazzling, and then, when it reached its highest point in the sky, it burst as all other rockets do, but, instead of putting forth stars, all the people in Jimmieboy's favorite fairy tales jumped out into the heavens. There was a glittering Jack chasing a dozen silver giants around about the moon; there was a dainty little Cinderella, with her gorgeous coach and four, driving up and down the Milky Way; Puss-in-Boots was hopping about from one cloud to another, as easily as if he were an ordinary cat jumping from an ordinary footstool on to an ordinary sofa. They were all there cutting up the finest pranks imaginable, when suddenly Jack of the beanstalk fame appeared at the side of the little creature who had set the rocket off, and planted a bean at his feet, and from it there immediately sprang forth a huge stalk covered with leaves of gold and silver, dropping showers of rubies and pearls and diamonds to the ground, as it grew rapidly upwards to where the fairyland folk were disporting themselves in the skies. These, when the stalk had reached its full growth, rushed toward it, and in a moment were clambering back to earth again, and then, when they were all safely down, they ranged themselves in a row, sang a beautiful good-night song to the boy with his face in the pillow, and disappeared.

"There!" said the little voice back of Jimmieboy. "That's what one jiffy will do!"

Jimmieboy turned about and smiled happily at the bee—for it was the bee who had spoken.

"Sometime we'll have another," the bee added. "But now I must go—I've got to get ready for to-morrow, which will be bright and sunshiny, and in every way a great day for honey. Good-by!"

And Jimmieboy, as the bee flew out of the window, was pleased to notice that the pain in his cheek was all gone. With a contented smile on his face he turned over and

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went to sleep, and when his papa came in to look at him as he lay there in his little bed, noticing the smile, he turned to his mamma and said, "Well, he doesn't look as if he'd missed the fireworks very much, after all, does he?"

"No," said his mamma. "He seems to be just the same happy little fellow he always was."

And, between us, I think they were both right, for we know that he didn't miss the fireworks, and as for being happy, he was just as much so as are most boys who know what it is to be contented, and who, when trials come upon them, endeavor to make the best of them, anyhow.

The Life of Christ

III.—The Education of Jesus[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Science, which endeavors to explain everything by that which is seen and understood, offers two explanations to account for the mystery of character: one, inheritance; the other, environment. These two are insufficient to account for the character of Jesus the Christ. We know comparatively little, it is true, of either Joseph or Mary—what little we do know has been indicated in last week's paper—but we know this: that nothing remarkable appears in the character of Joseph; and although Mary, the mother of Jesus, was a remarkable woman, there is nothing in her character adequate to account for that of her son. She clearly had no conception of his mission. Believing him to be a prophet, she was anxious to have him inaugurate his ministry by a miracle. Finding him threatened by a conflict with the Pharisees, she feared that his zeal was running into fanaticism, and, with her other children, tried to break through the crowd that was about him and get him away, but tried in vain. This is not a case in which the genius of the father or mother accounts for that of the son. Nor do we find in his ancestry any indications of extraordinary spiritual genius. Two genealogies of him are given, but we do not find in either of them any hint of the future greatness of the child. We look in vain in the records of these names for any of the great prophets—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Micah; in vain for any of the great reforming kings—Jehoshaphat, Josiah, Hezekiah. The only great name in the genealogy is that of David. With that solitary exception, the names are those of persons otherwise almost wholly unknown.

There is as little in the environment of the child to account for his character. The Gospels, indeed, give us but one incident of his youth, but from other sources we are able to form a tolerable picture of the influences under which his childhood was spent. The house, built of sun-dried brick and fenced with straw, contained probably but a single room, which served for kitchen, bedroom, sitting-room, and workshop. If the weather permitted, the housewife built a sort of camp-fire outside for cooking. There was neither chimney nor window; the light came in through the door, or through a slit in the wall made narrow so as to exclude the rain. Art and literature were unknown. A literal interpretation of the command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," prevented all art except such as was contained in geometrical or arabesque patterns. The only literature the house could have contained would have been some fragment of the Bible, or the commentary of some scribe thereon. The devout Puritan would sooner have allowed the literature of Voltaire and Rousseau in his home than the devout Jew would have permitted that of Greece or Rome. The only evening illumination came from a smoking lamp put upon a bushel turned upside down to serve as a light-stand, and in the daytime the house was so dark that if the housewife lost a coin she must light a candle to search for it. The only school was one connected with the village synagogue, and here probably Jesus learned to read, using the Old Testament Scriptures as his reader. Possibly he also learned a little arithmetic. Science was unknown, and writing was done by scribes who carried their inkstand and parchment with them, and could be hired for a small coin to do one's writing for one. Only once did Jesus go to a school where the higher education was taught. This was in Jerusalem, whose temple was surrounded with the booths of men learned in the law, and which was thus at once temple and university. The boy was but twelve years of age, but he was attracted, not by the barbaric splendor of the temple, the magnificence of the music, or the great processions, but by this one opportunity of his life to learn something more than his synagogue teacher, or even his pious mother, could teach him. He strayed from his parents into the class-rooms of this university to ask questions, not, as tradition has sometimes represented, pertly teaching the doctors, but seriously inquiring that he might learn what he hoped they might communicate. Three days at this university was all the higher education he ever had. Then his parents came back for him, and he was carried away to work again at his father's bench.

There was as little, too, in the general atmosphere of the age as in the special instructions of the school and the family to minister to such a character as that of Jesus. There were three great schools of thought, but from neither could he have learned much save as he reacted against them: the Essenes, the hermits, monks, of the first century, who, believing that the world was wrong, withdrew from the world; the Sadducees, the materialists and unbelievers of the first century, who had no faith in anything except success, and considered no price too great to pay for it; and the Pharisees, the Puritans of the first century, who believed in righteousness and in God, but in a God who enforced righteousness by external enactments, and in a righteousness which consisted in formal obedience to those enactments, down to the minutest particulars. Not from the Essenes, the ascetics of the first century, did Jesus learn to mix with men; not from the Sadducees that God is our Father and heaven our home; not from the Pharisees the law of liberty; not from all three combined (who worshiped only Judaism and abhorred all else) did he learn the two great lessons of his ministry—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

How little either inheritance or environment did for Jesus those who are least willing to recognize any supernatural element in life freely acknowledge.

> The historical conditions amid which he [Jesus] appeared do not adequately explain how he became the teacher of a better form of religion than that in which he had been educated, and how he created a new epoch in the history of religion. These conditions were substantially the same, so far as we can discern, for multitudes of his contemporaries; but he alone of all these multitudes showed any fitness for this enterprise. The fact can be explained logically only by falling back on the hypothesis that he was a great religious genius, or by crediting him with a great personal endowment and native force of character. Of no man in history could it less be said than of him that he was the creature of his age; and as little could it be said of that period of time that it would have been much the same and have formed a turning-point in religious history had he not appeared.[1]

So says Dr. William MacIntosh in his "Natural History of the Christian Religion," which is an endeavor to account for Christianity on naturalistic principles. More briefly, and therefore more effectively, Henry Ward Beecher has said the same thing: "Only the lower natures are formed by external circumstances. Great natures are freely developed by forces from within."

This "personal endowment and native force of character," this "great religious genius," this "force from within," is the element in human life which science may recognize but can never accurately measure, because it is the divine element. Let it be freely recognized that times produce men. It must also be freely recognized that men produce times. If Luther is a product of the Reformation, the Reformation is also a product of Luther. If Shakespeare is a product of England, England is also a product of Shakespeare. The geniuses which flash upon the world at certain epochs, sometimes revolutionizing the

[1] Lesson 3 of Bible Study Union. Lessons 2, 3, and 4 of the International Course. (July 8, 15, and 22.) Scripture: Matthew, chapter ii.; Luke ii., 21–52.

[1] "Natural History of the Christian Religion," by Dr. William MacIntosh (page 73).

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world's thought and sometimes leading it gently and skillfully on in steady development, are not to be accounted for by either inheritance or environment. They are the prophets and messengers of God; in them the divine voice speaks. All true genius has a supernatural, or, if the reader prefers, a superhuman element in it. Genius is inspiration. I will leave to others of subtler intellect to make nice discriminations between the inspiration of the Hebrews and that of other people. To me God is always in his world, and the unknown element in human character is not more than the known, but more evidently than the known, a divine element. That the genius, the inspiration, the divinity of Jesus Christ worked in a human soul, molded in the first century as that soul would not have been molded in the nineteenth, and subject to limitations in the first century which would have been different in the nineteenth, need not be questioned. Enough to point out that Jesus was what he was, not made so by qualities inherited from the mother, nor by influences wrought by the education of his youth, either formal or general, but by that force from within which is God.

The Religious World

The Pope's Encyclical

A new utterance has appeared in all the daily papers, purporting to be what the Pope regards as his last testament to the Church. We condense its main features: Following the example of Christ, who, on the eve of his ascent to heaven, prayed that his disciples might be united, the Pope expresses his desire to close his life with an appeal to all men of every land and race to favor unity of faith. He declares that the Church will continue its work among the unbelieving masses, and prays that more missionaries may be provided for such service. He reminds Christians that the religious unity which so many are now desiring was once the common patrimony of the nations. He expresses his sorrow for the schisms and animosities which have torn the great civilized nations from the Roman Church, and gives utterence to the hope that the divine mercy and omnipotence may at last bring all back to the one true faith. Addressing himself to the Oriental churches, the Pope recalls the fact that the forefathers of the present members recognized the Roman Pontiff. He notices that those churches are now better disposed toward Rome than formerly, and he invites them to perfect the union which Christ founded. When he addresses Protestants, he declares that there remains for them no certain rule of faith or authority, hence that some go so far as to deny the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures, ending by falling into materialism. He cites the cases of Protestants who have been brought back to Catholicism, and exhorts others to return, in order that all may have one faith, hope, and charity, based on the same Gospel. He exhorts all Catholics to submit themselves wholly to the Church, which is the only perfect society. Freemasons he denounces as enemies of religious unity, condemning especially their audacity in Rome, and calling upon Italy and France to throw off the despotism of these sectarians in order that religious concord among the nations may exorcise the evils of war. He concludes by a strong appeal to all to foster religious union and to strive to insure that the end of the nineteenth century shall not resemble the stormy close of the eighteenth. Only the most narrow-minded and bigoted can fail to acknowledge the wisdom and courtesy which pervade most of this latest utterance of the venerable head of the Roman Catholic Christendom. With much of it, of course, Protestants can have no sympathy, but the spirit of the document is decidedly and conspicuously Christian. We do not believe that Christendom will ever be united on the basis of the Roman Catholic Church, but we also know that there will never be a united Christendom until in some way both Romanists and Protestants have come to a clear and friendly agreement. Very fitting is it, in these last years of the life of the venerable and honorable man whose word carries so great weight with millions of people, that his appeal to the Christian world should be in behalf of a united and aggressive Christianity. May his prayer be answered, and the day swiftly come when there shall be neither Romanists nor Protestants, but only Christians!

Conflict Between Romanists and Protestants

From every quarter come reports of growing irritation between Protestants and Romanists, and we are bound to say that, as far as we have yet seen, the aggressive party in our country seems to be a certain class of rather ignorant Protestants. There can be no doubt of the righteousness of their motive. They believe that the Roman Church is a menace to our common Christianity and our common civilization. If they were right in regard to their facts, there could be no question about the wisdom of the contest, but we believe that they are wrong in regard to their facts. The Roman Church in the United States is growing, and growing with great rapidity, but its growth is almost altogether by immigration. If the gates of our seaports were closed against foreigners, the Roman Church would not long hold its own. It is not increasing with anything like the rapidity of either the Methodist or the Baptist Churches. No one believes that there is any peril from the expansion of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States; and there is no more peril from the prominence of the Roman Catholic Church. Far too much truth is in the statement that the Roman Church is exploited by the hand of one man who dwells by the Tiber, but those who make much of this fact forget that the spirit of the time is far stronger than the influence of the Pope. While many of our people are in a frenzy over the growth of the Roman Church, the leaders of that Church are in great anxiety because of the evident disintegration resulting from the growth of democratic ideas among Roman Catholics. Neither Pope nor Council can hinder the progress of modern democracy. That fact disarms all the peril which might result from the encroachments of the Roman or any other Church. Neither Pope nor King can rule in America or anywhere else very long. The one question of more importance than any other to all lovers of the Church of Christ and of our common civilization is, How may the democracy be educated and made obedient to such ethical ideals as will make its rule wise and enduring? We do not share the anxiety of those who look with suspicion on the growth of the Roman Church, and we have no sympathy with any process of isolation directed against that Church. The deeper question, which Romanists and Protestants alike must consider, is, How may our real rulers, those who cannot be dethroned, and whose sovereignty is daily extending, be made worthy of the high privileges which henceforward must belong to them?

The Return of Miss Willard

After an absence of more than a year, Miss Frances E. Willard has returned to the United States, and on Thursday evening, June 21, was given a royal reception at the Calvary Baptist Church in New York. The reception was held under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. of the State of New York, and was presided over by Mrs. Mary T. Burt. It was a most hearty and enthusiastic meeting. Letters were read from distinguished friends of Miss Willard in all parts of the country, and inspiring addresses delivered by those who delighted to do honor to her. During most of the time of her absence she has been in England, living a quiet life, and so getting ready for the continuance of her great ministry. Our countrywoman, wherever the English language is spoken, is recognized as one of the greatest powers for righteousness in the whole world. The intimate friend and associate of Lady Henry Somerset, she has been received everywhere in England with the most distinguished consideration. Her return to her own country will be gladly welcomed by a far larger number than gathered to do her honor at the reception accorded her on landing in New York.

The Baccalaureate Sermons

Perhaps no better sign of the change in our religious thinking could be found than in the subjects which have been chosen for the Baccalaureate Sermons during the present year. At several institutions, as usual, they ran along the old line of apologetics. It has always seemed singular that the baccalaureate should be selected as the special occasion for defending Christianity from the assaults of its adversaries. This year, among those who

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chose such themes, if the reports are correct, was President Patton, of Princeton, in whose hands all subjects are alike interesting and instructive. But most of the sermons dealt with some phase of the social question. The duty of educated men to the State, the opportunities opening before scholars, the call of the cities, and similar subjects were the more frequent themes. Perhaps no other single fact so well indicates the attention which these subjects are now receiving in our Republic. There has been a great change in this respect. Even two years ago it could truly be said that the importance attached to humanitarian problems was vastly greater in England than in the United States. That is no longer true. The influence of agitation abroad, and still more the strikes and labor troubles of one kind and another in this country, have brought the existing social order to the front with amazing rapidity, and now no one doubts that its improvement is the question of the hour. In four-fifths of the baccalaureate sermons of which we have seen mention some phase of the social problem was presented for the consideration of those about to assume the leadership which usually belongs to educated men. The fact is significant, prophetic, and encouraging.

Dr. E. G. Robinson

Among the men of our country who have exerted a positive influence in behalf of the highest education and the broadest and most spiritual life few men have occupied a place of greater honor than the Rev. E. G. Robinson, D.D. Dr. Robinson was a Baptist in his denominational affiliations, but one of those broad-minded men who belong to the whole Church more than to any single sect. He had been Professor of Theology in Rochester Theological Seminary, President of Brown University, and still later connected with Chicago University. He was a preacher of great eloquence and spiritual suggestiveness. Few who heard his address at the Congress of Churches held in Hartford some years ago will forget its wonderful perspicuity and its almost thrilling simplicity. Dr. Robinson belonged to the number of really great educators, in which were such men as President Anderson, of Rochester, President Hopkins, of Williams, President Seelye, of Amherst, and Presidents Woolsey and Porter, of Yale. These men have done more than any other class in the country to lay broad and deep the foundations of a true Republic of Letters in this Western world. Ex-President Robinson has left a rich and a lasting influence.

Presbyterians and Charity

During the distress of the past winter a Committee was appointed to look after the members of Presbyterian churches in New York who might be in distress. The work of that Committee was described in these columns at the time of its appointment. It has just made its report to the Presbytery. It is signed by George Alexander, Chairman, and John B. Devins, Secretary. A part of it is so interesting that we transfer it to these columns and allow it to speak for itself. It is as follows:

The significant and gratifying result is the discovery that, so far as your Committee could ascertain, not a single member of the Presbyterian Church has applied for aid to any of the public charities of the city. The Secretary writes:

"No letter came from any of the charitable organizations for a considerable time. I wrote to Mr. Kellogg, and he said that the reason no letter had been received by me was because no applications had been made to their Committee by Presbyterian Church members.

"On March 19, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, representing the Third District Commiteee of the Charity Organization Society, wrote me: 'At last we have a Presbyterian case, sent by a Presbyterian pastor.' The name was given, and this comment—'They said they came from Pastor Reidder, Broome Street Presbyterian Church.' There is no Broome Street Presbyterian Church, and there is no clergyman named Reidder in the New York City Directory. When I brought these facts to Mrs. Lowell's attention, she acknowledged they had no case. Two women claiming to be members of the Presbyterian Church applied to the Home for the Friendless, one representing that she belonged to Dr. Lampe's church, and the other to Mr. Hunter's church. I wrote to Dr. Lampe and Mr. Hunter. Dr. Lampe replies: 'No such woman has called upon me, nor does any one of that name belong to our church or Sunday-school.' Mr. Hunter replies that he 'knows the family who gave him as a reference, but they are Roman Catholics and are thoroughly unreliable. As to the claim that she is one of our regular parishioners, there is no foundation for it. So long as we were aiding them they came with some regularity.'"

Your Committee received applications from six different churches and missions for limited amounts to assist them in caring for individuals or families dependent upon them. These were generally adherents and not members. Your Committee were able to respond to all the requests which came to them, in full, from moneys contributed in response to their first and only appeal.

The total amount received and disbursed was $447.29.

Ministers' Vacations

A correspondent of the New York "Tribune" recently wrote forcibly and feelingly concerning what is called "The Scandal of Ministers' Vacations," especially with reference to the frequency with which ministers make trips to Europe. We were not surprised at the substance of that article. To those who do not understand, the first impression is likely to be that ministers shirk their duty and are extravagant; the misunderstanding arises from ignorance rather than from intentional misrepresentation. With most pastors the vacation is not only a time for rest, but quite as much a time in which to get ready for the work of another year. The question of rest is one thing; the question of increase in the facilities for work quite another. The minister who spends a long vacation in personal enjoyment alone is surely open to the criticism of the "Tribune's" correspondent; but the number who do so is very small. Most divide their vacations into two parts: one for physical recreation, the other for preparation for the next year's work. Looked at in this light, it will be seen at once that the minister is never more truly working for his people than when he is getting all possible advantages for his improvement in his life-work. No man can long continue to draw from his fund of knowledge without taking some time to replenish that fund. In these days especially, when all classes are so alert, the minister who would be efficient must use every opportunity for the improvement both of body and mind. One reason why there are so many short pastorates is that so few are able to take the time which they need for intellectual and spiritual refurnishing. Most churches which have tried the experiment feel abundantly repaid for all the time their pastors take in study and travel. The second complaint of the "Tribune's" correspondent concerns the frequency with which ministers visit Europe. This, too, with certain classes, may seem a scandal. Yet we are persuaded that it is only with those who think but once. In the first place, by the cheaper lines of ocean steamers (which are usually patronized by ministers), and by the ways in which they live on the other side, a vacation may cost very little more in Europe than at home. In the next place, the larger opportunity for study is something the value of which cannot easily be exaggerated. Most ministers who travel devote their time to studying the methods of religious work and thought in the Old World, and thus fit themselves for better work at home with no added expense to their people. We have had much acquaintance with those who have sought to increase their efficiency by travel, and are sure that we do not exaggerate when we say that no better investment can be made, either by the church or by the minister, than in travel and association with those having different methods of work and often a wider outlook. We have no criticism for the correspondent of the "Tribune." He is surely right in his intimation that ministers ought to be examples to their people in their fidelity and consecration; he is wrong only in his facts. Vacations are times in which most ministers labor for their people quite as faithfully as when they preach in their own pulpits; and very few travel who do not by their travels make their service more efficient on their return. In these days, in which all the world is becoming more intelligent, the pulpit can hold its position of leadership only as those who occupy it prove by their wide study and large knowledge of life and institutions, as well as by their knowledge of the Scriptures, that they are fitted to lead. In the high Alps Dr. Parkhurst lays in that magnificent store of physical energy which carries him through his arduous conflict with organized vice and crime. Many more might be able to do likewise if they had an equally good physical basis for their ministry. It is probably true that many other classes of workers do not take vacation enough; that is no reason for the suggestion that ministers have too much.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, Chihuahua

This church is the outgrowth of the work of those two tireless missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. James D. Eaton. They have been in Mexico about ten years, and had done a great work before they started the building of a suitable church. About two years ago this task was begun. There were many difficulties in the way, but Mr. and Mrs. Eaton were not at all discouraged, and the result is now a beautiful church edifice

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entirely out of debt. We made mention in these columns about a year ago of the dedication of this church. At that time, however, there was upon it a debt of several hundred dollars, but that is now paid and the future of the work secured. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton have endeared themselves to a very large circle of friends in the missionary field, as they had previously in their work at the North. The church in Chihuahua cannot fail to be a potent influence toward a higher civilization in Mexico, where the prevailing type of religion is Roman Catholic, but of a very different kind from what is known in these northern latitudes. In Mexico the civilization is Spanish, and the people still rejoice in bull-fights, and have little regard for those stronger qualities of character which have always been characteristic of the Puritan faith. The Church of the Holy Trinity, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, will be like a lighthouse in a dark night. We heartily congratulate them on this completion of their noble work.

Congregational Ministers and Churches

In all non-episcopal denominations there is experienced much difficulty in bringing together churches without pastors and pastors without churches. This difficulty has been so great in Massachusetts that two years ago a plan was adopted looking toward the introduction of a better system. Just what the details of this plan will be we do not know, and probably they have not yet been fully devised, but we are glad to report that it is at last to be carefully tried. The Rev. C. B. Rice, D.D., of Danvers, has been tendered the position of Secretary, and he is admirably qualified for the work, having a large experience among both men and churches. We have long felt that both Episcopal and Methodist Churches have a great advantage over other denominations in having some one whose special duty it is to mediate between churches and pastors. There are ministers enough for all the churches; there are churches enough for all the ministers. The difficulty is in bringing the two together. This experiment of the Massachusetts Congregationalists will be eagerly watched. Dr. Rice may not be called a bishop, and may not be ordained over a diocese, but if he accepts the position tendered him he will be practically bishop in a large territory.

Gleanings

—Bishop John M. Walden, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, began life by working on an Ohio River flatboat for fifty cents a day.

—The Rev. Jackson Millican, a Baptist minister of Crittenden County, Ky., has been convicted of heresy because he taught the doctrine of sanctification. His license has been revoked.

—"The Living Church" says that the real name of Swami Vivekananda, the Hindu monk now in this country, is Novendra Nath Dutt. He is the son of a Calcutta lawyer and a graduate of Calcutta University.

—"The Watchman" of Boston says there is no truth in the rumor that the Rev. Dr. Hovey has practically resigned the presidency of the Newton Theological Seminary, while the real presidency is in the hands of the Dean of the Faculty.

—The Rev. Mr. Murdoch, a Methodist minister of Rome, Ga., has been deprived of his pastorate by his Bishop because he is the editor of a paper. His newspaper is said to be reputable and honest, and only the Bishop's notion that newspapers and ministerial duties don't mix caused Murdoch's dismissal from his church.

—At the meeting of the International Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, N. Y., last week, the Rev. Dr. A. P. Happer, President of the American Missionary College at Canton, discussed at length the need of a medical missionary college in America for all missionary societies. The speaker exhibited vividly the enlarged scale on which missionary operations of all kinds are being pushed forward. Dr. Happer says that the number of medical missionaries at work in the heathen world has been increased during the last forty-five years tenfold, and that without any special efforts. The proportion of such missionaries to the home supply is, however, shown by the figures for China—100 missionary physicians for 300,000,000 people, against over 118,000 physicians to the 65,000,000 of our American population.

—The following was introduced by the Rev. W. F. Crispin, of Akron, O., and recommended by the Committee of Resolutions for adoption by the Ohio Universalist Convention, in session June 6 and 7, Ravenna, O.:

Whereas, It is learned that the Louisiana Lottery swindle, which we had supposed was outlawed in our country, while pretending to transact its business in Honduras, is really doing it at Port Tampa, Fla., and is sending tickets and receiving money through the express companies. Thousands of packages are said to be thus daily received by them; and

Whereas, A bill has been introduced into the United States Congress which forbids transportation from State to State, or the introduction into this country from any other country, any paper, certificate, or instrument purporting to be a ticket, chance, or interest in or dependent upon the event of such lottery; therefore,

Be it Resolved, by the Universalists of Ohio in convention assembled at Ravenna this June 7, 1894, That we do most earnestly petition the Congressman from this district, the Hon. Stephen A. Northway, to do all in his power to aid in the enactment of said bill, or some other efficient measure that will effectually overthrow this nefarious institution and drive it into exile from all parts of our country.

Resolved, That this petition be signed by the President and Secretary of this Convention, and that the Secretary be instructed to forward the same at once to the said Congressman, accompanying it with a personal letter to Mr. Northway calling his attention to this action.

On motion of the Rev. Carl F. Henry, of Cleveland, seconded by the Rev. N. L. Milburn, of Cincinnati, the resolutions were adopted, and the Secretary was also instructed to send a copy to the editor of The Outlook and request publication.

—Savonarola was the first to institute a *Monte di Pietà*. By not charging more than seven per cent. he greatly relieved the Florentine poor who had long been suffering from the thirty-three per cent. inflicted by the usurers. Savonarola's successor in this regard and in this country has been the Rev. Dr. Greer, of New York City, whose successful establishment of a temporary loan office we have repeatedly characterized as one of the most needed reforms. Acting upon his success, the Provident Loan Society was organized last April by Messrs. Robert W. De Forest, James Speyer, Otto T. Bannard, George F. Baker, Charles C. Beaman, Charles F. Cox, John D. Crimmins, William E. Dodge, David H. Greer, Abram S. Hewitt, John S. Kennedy, Solomon Loeb, Alfred Bishop Mason, J. Kennedy Tod, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry R. Beekman, William L. Bull, F. R. Coudert, R. Fulton Cutting, Charles S. Fairchild, J. J. Higginson, Adrian Iselin, Jr., J. Pierpont Morgan, D. Willis James, Seth Low, Victor Morawetz, Oswald Ottendorfer, Jacob H. Schiff, Charles S. Smith, Walter Stanton, Gustav H. Schwab, and Abraham Wolff. Its shop, on the ground floor of the United Charities Building, New York City, has now been in operation long enough to show as marked a success as its friends could wish for it. No sign of the familiar three golden balls hangs at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. Nevertheless, the news of the Provident pawnshop's opening spread like lightning, and many have been the customers, a score frequently waiting to be served. Among them have been not a few professional pawners and "fakirs," but as the place has been in charge of experts, these have been quickly detected and sent about their business. Though no more than the ordinary pawnshop value is given on articles presented, loans are made as high as one hundred dollars on personal property, and at the rate of one per cent. a month. This is a vast relief to the poor from the thirty per cent. a year charged by the pawnbrokers. Other differences are that loans may be repaid on the installment plan, and that no charge is made for storage or care of goods. If the future success of this intelligent charity should be as great as that which has so deservedly attended it, we have seen the inception of a great New York *Mont-de-Piété* which will be to our people what "my aunt" means to the Parisians.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Richard H. Bosworth, of the Mayflower Branch of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., resigns to accept call to the Eastern Avenue Church, Springfield, Mass.

—C. W. Longren, of Barre, Vt., has received a call from Franklin, Mass.

—George M. Gerrish has become pastor of the church in Goshen, Mass.

—W. T. Hutchins is to be installed as pastor of the church at Indian Orchard, Mass., on July 18.

—J. L. Golder has accepted a call to Eliot, Me.

—E. A. Trevor was recently ordained and installed as pastor of the church in Rio, Wis.

—S. D. Towne, of Oldtown, Me., has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN

—R. D. Harlan has become pastor of the Third Church of Rochester, N. Y.

—F. W. Hays has become pastor of the Northeast Church of Erie, Pa.

—G. E. Thompson is now pastor of the Second Avenue Church of Detroit, Mich.

—W. S. Buck, of Schoolcraft, Mich., has resigned.

OTHER CHURCHES

—J. T. Beckley, of Philadelphia, Pa., has accepted a call to the Epiphany Baptist Church of New York City.

—M. S. C. Wright, of the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church of New York City, has received a call to the Unity Church of Chicago, Ill.

—Eliot White as resigned as assistant at St. John's Chapel (P. E.), Trinity Church, New York City.

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Books and Authors

Social England[1]

Nothing could better contradict Mr. Freeman's statement that "history is past politics" than this book. It is history of an important and influential character, and yet it says nothing whatever of politics. It concerns itself with the social and economic aspects of human development, a phase of humanity's life which is at present attracting popular attention; and in the work before us this is well attested by the fact that a second edition has already been called for. There is reason for the popular confidence as thus expressed. "Social England" is no work of compilation. The names of the contributors are a guarantee that the standard of scholarship is high; and it is almost unique in the history of book-making (though the same fact is seen in some recent French work) that historical scholars of the standing of Professor Maitland, of Cambridge; of Professors York Powell, Oman, Poole, of Oxford; of Mr. Herbert Hall, of the Record Office, among others, should be willing to co-operate in the production of a work intended for the general reader. The essays of these men are not résumés of previously printed information, but are fresh, original presentations from scholars whose every word upon the subject is of value. For example, brief though it is, Professor Maitland's essay upon English law to the time of Edward I., covering but thirty-five pages altogether, is one of the best epitomes of the subject extant. Even the scholar who is familiar with all the laws from Aethelbirht's Code to that of Henry II. will find it well worth his while to study these pages with care. That which is true of Professor Maitland's work is only less true of that of the others. Some of the essays are inferior to his in originality, some are insufficient in themselves, some are perhaps ill-proportioned, but all are useful.

A danger, however, lurks in the advantage which arises from the scholarly character of the writers. This is the inclination to make assertions with such an air of certainty as to mislead the reader and to cause surprise to him who may be better advised. Such, for example, is the assertion that England was "continuously tilled in the same fashion, and chiefly by people of the same stock, from the time when the Romans came to the time of Henry VIII.," or the statement that in the Saxon hallmoots "there must be a quorum of the freeholders to give the court validity." Now, as we know almost nothing about the hallmoots themselves, and would like to know much more, we may be quite sure that no such welcome bit of detail could have been discovered recently without the knowledge of students of constitutional history; while, on the other hand, inasmuch as it is probable that all Saxon material is in print, it is incredible that this fact could have been hitherto overlooked.

The recommendation from the point of view of scholarship must be qualified somewhat when we consider the book from the point of view of method. Mr. Traill has written an admirable introduction, co-ordinating the various subjects, and showing by skillful touches the relation of the various parts; yet in the body of the work we miss the master-mind, and are conscious that the contributions are not parts of one comprehensive whole, possessing unity, continuity, and logical completeness. We find disjointedness, repetition, even contradiction—faults that are practically unavoidable in a work constructed as this is. Yet the editor who attempts to reshape the articles of contributors in the interest of the reader enters in most cases upon a delicate and thankless task.

But "Social England" is, after all, a book of a high order of merit. It might have been better, indeed occasionally seems just to fall short of its attainment, but, nevertheless, it is probably the most important work for general use upon the subject concerned which has been published since Mr. Green gave us his "Shorter History of the English People."

[1] *Social England.* A Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Science, Literature, and Manners, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L., sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Accession of Edward the First. Second Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

"*Houses* are built to Live in, and not to Looke on: Therefore let Use bee preferred before Uniformitie; Except where both may be had. Leave the goodly Fabrickes of *Houses* for Beautie only to the *Enchanted Pallaces* of the *Poets:* Who build them with small Cost." This safe judgment from Lord Bacon with regard to houses is even more true of library buildings, and Mr. William I. Fletcher, in his admirable book *Public Libraries in America* (Roberts Brothers, Boston) does well to lay special stress upon the construction and arrangement of the places where libraries are housed. The conventional plan has been to have a great room surrounded by alcoves and with one or more galleries, such as may be seen in New York at the Astor Library and in Baltimore at the Peabody Institute. To this plan there are the practical objections of housing a small number of books in proportion to the size of the building, in denying to readers the quiet and retirement needed for work, and in endangering the books more, in case of fire, than if they were placed in several rooms. The two leading plans now in favor with librarians are the "stack system" and the "Poole system," the best examples of each being found in the two splendid structures, almost completed, of the Public Library in Boston and of the Newberry Library in Chicago. The idea of the book-stack is to provide the most compact storage for the volumes, which, when used, are conveyed to the reading-room. While the Poole system does not store books away so compactly, its arrangement is more convenient, in that the library is divided into departments, each being on a separate floor or in a separate room. The first general library in America was founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1732. In his Autobiography we read:

> At the time I established myself in Philadelphia there was not a good bookseller's shop in any of the colonies to the southward of Boston. . . . Those who loved reading were obliged to send for their books to England; the members of the Junto had each a few. We had left the ale-house, where we first met, and hired a room to hold our club in. I proposed that we should all of us bring our books to that room, where they . . . would become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wished to read at home. This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us. . . . Yet, some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again. And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. . . . I was not able, with great industry, to find more than fifty persons, mostly young tradesmen, willing to pay down for this purpose forty shillings each, and ten shillings per annum. On this little fund we began. The books were imported; the library was open one day in the week for lending to the subscribers, on their promissory notes to pay double their value if not duly returned.

As to the public library movement in general, Mr. Fletcher's description and comment are capital. The promise and perhaps the potency of solving vexed social questions is in the collaboration of the rich and the poor, nowhere better illustrated than in the endowment of town and village libraries on the one hand by private beneficence, and on the other by public taxation. Co-operative efforts through governmental forms are likely to go on, in spite of the attack (approved by Mr. Herbert Spencer) on the movement as a scheme for robbing one man to pay for books for another man to read. By means of public libraries the recreative reading of communities has been diverted into better channels, trash has been replaced with light literature of an increasingly higher order, and sentiments have been proportionately elevated. For instance, we have the recently published fiction-list of the San Francisco Public Library, so arranged as to draw attention to books of travel, biography, history, and science which are naturally suggested by different novels. Discussing the care of books and the disgust of cleanly folk at beholding the dingy, greasy, worn-looking volumes characteristic of most libraries, Mr. Fletcher sensibly remarks: "A shrewd professor once said that he never did anything more promotive of discipline than putting a good carpet on his recitation-room floor. Instead of the boys spoiling the carpet, the carpet renovated the boys. So it will be with well-made and attractive books." In the chapter on "The Librarian" our author fitly draws attention to the fine field for woman's work in librarianship, as proved by the fact that of American librarians women are in a decided majority. This profession must be increasingly sought for, especially by college-bred women. As to Sunday opening, after quoting from Messrs. Poole, Winsor, and Larned, Mr. Fletcher pertinently asks: "If the people are not shut out from the public park on Sunday, why should they be excluded from the library?" Mental recreation is desirable as well as physical.

A Mound of Many Cities, by Mr. Frederick Jones Bliss, is a timely book. Though Dr. Schliemann's volumes, with their account of the seven superimposed cities of Troy, have long been before the public, few persons save scholars know about the

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anatomy of a "tell," which this book's title accurately describes. Even London is now a tell, since some twenty or thirty feet must be dug through before the native soil is reached. Below the modern foundations would be a layer of dirty black earth, maybe a relic of the Great Fire; below that a bit of Norman zigzag molding; next a stray penny of Alfred; below that Saxon walls, Roman tiles; and, lowest of all, perhaps some bronze weapon from the ancient Briton age. From earliest times in the East, however, the use of the apparently crumbling mud and sun-dried bricks has been the means of preserving ancient cities. The upper walls, falling in, made a solid foundation and platform of earth for the next structure, four or five feet higher from its ruined predecessor. This particular mound, rounded by centuries of wind, rain, and decay, but still a hundred and twenty feet high, is Tell el Hesy, sixteen miles east of Gaza, in the rolling country lying beween the mountains of Judea and the Philistian plain. It is supposed to be the ancient Lachish, founded by the Amorites two thousand years B.C., and before the Israelites settled in Palestine. Prior to this era the town appears to have already had conflicts with the Egyptians. According to Mr. Bliss's excavation (which cut away one-third of the hill to the natural height of the bluff, sixty feet over the Wady, or stream-bed), eleven towns were built on the site, the last dating from the fifth century B.C. One of them was probably destroyed by Joshua. The benefits of this special excavation go to prove that writing was not only practiced in high circles, but that each considerable city had its scribe, thus evincing a more widespread civilization in ancient days than we had supposed, while there is strong evidence to show that the Israelites supplanted a superior civilization. In one of the earliest cities a hot-air blast-furnace was found—an invention not patented here until less than seventy years ago. The furnace was probably used rather for pottery-baking than for the smelting of iron. Of the other things found, the principal were bronze tools and weapons, scarabs, relics, cuneiform tablets, pre-Phœnician, Phœnician, Greek, and Asiatic pottery. In addition to the above, Mr. Bliss tells us, in this well-printed book, of some interesting facts about his work and the conditions of climate, labor, and native races. In this latter connection the distinction between the Arabs and the fellahîn is cleverly drawn. This last siege of Lachish was perhaps the longest, but, as is well claimed, was certainly the most systematic it ever endured. Mr. Bliss's advantage over Thothmes, Sennacherib, and the rest is that, whereas they took but one city apiece, he reduced and captured eleven. It is a satisfaction to add that our countryman has just obtained an imperial firman from Constantinople which gives him the superintendence of the excavations at Jerusalem. That this high honor is well deserved will be apparent to every reader of "A Mound of Many Cities." (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

In point of hand-made paper and letterpress, no magazine rivals the superb new octavo quarterly, *Bibliographica*, which the Scribners are now publishing. The price is eight dollars a year for four numbers, and subscriptions are taken only for the entire work, which is to be completed in twelve parts. The contributors are bibliographical specialists, and the subjects relate to various matters of present interest in book-lore. While all the papers may be of note to a bibliophile, three are surely so to the general reader. The first of this trinity is Mr. Elton's "Christina of Sweden and Her Books," an enjoyable glimpse, now in Stockholm, now in Rome, of the career of the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. Had she been her father, quoth this Queen, she could have drunk and ruffled with the best; as it was, she ruled as Empress of the Books. She had such a thirst for collecting that, as Ranke remarks somewhere, the Italians were complaining because ships were laden with the spoil of their libraries, and "all the appliances of learning were being carried away to the Arctic regions." But Christina persevered, and crowned her collection with the Codex Argenteus, containing part of the Gospels in the Mœso-Gothic version of Ulfilas. Christina seems to have been perfectly and philosophically delighted at the idea of abdication, and, after that event, meeting Charles II. of England at Frankfort, warmly congratulated him on his exile and the loss of his throne. Arriving at Rome, she dressed herself as a Queen of Amazons and rode her white charger astride like a man. She now became Christiana, and a favorite in the Eternal City, though she somewhat astonished the citizens by her custom of bursting out laughing in church and of contradicting the statements of cardinals. As at Stockholm, she elected always to live among her books, and after her death they were removed to the Vatican. The second of the three articles appealing to popular taste is by the ever-versatile Mr. Andrew Lang, and is on "Names and Notes in Books." After pleading for signatures and even marginal annotations, he closes with: "The curious amateur may ask whether the author of these comments writes his own name in his books, and acts up to his own advice. No, he never does anything of the sort." The third of these popular papers is by M. Octave Uzanne, and is printed in the original French. M. Uzanne not only falls into the Frenchman's usual geographical error concerning any country but his own, but, with Gallic grace, pays our greatest inventor the following compliment: "Quelle sera l'état de la Bibliophilie en 1950? L'art de l'impression existera-t-il encore à cette date, et le phonographe aidé du kinétographe que l'ingenieux Edison me faisait voir il y'a six mois à Orange Park *près de* New Jersey, ne remplacera-t-il pas le papier imprimé et l'illustration avec quelqu' avantage?"

An exquisite book both in paper and print is *The Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard*, edited by Mr. Bayard Dod. The writer of the journal was the daughter of Lewis Pintard, of New York, a "considerable merchant," as George Washington styled him. She was the wife of Samuel Bayard, who was graduated from Princeton in 1784, and who studied law with William Bradford, afterward Attorney-General under Washington. The latter appointed Mr. Bayard United States Agent to prosecute the claims of American citizens in the British Admiralty courts, a mission which resulted so successfully that "$10,345,000 was recovered from the British Government for losses sustained by Americans from illegal and unauthorized captures of their ships on the high seas by English cruisers." The journal is entertaining reading. It gives us the sometimes cleverly expressed and always interesting opinions on life and manners a century ago, of one who enjoyed exceptional opportunities of meeting the celebrities of those eventful years. As General James Grant Wilson says: "To have known Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jay, and John Adams, and frequently to have seen George the Third and his Cabinet Ministers, who were opposed to those great men in the Revolutionary struggle; to have been well acquainted with many of the American generals engaged in that conflict, and with their antagonists, Lord Cornwallis, Sir Henry Clinton, and Colonel Tarleton; to have been on terms of intimacy with six of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and to have known Lords Eldon, Mansfield, and Stowell, Burke and Barré, Fox and Pitt, Sheridan, Wilberforce, and Warren Hastings, is certainly a very remarkable record for a young American of thirty." Even more picturesque and appealing are the touches of home and personal life. It is interesting to know that Mr. Bayard, returning to this country, became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, one of the founders of the New York Historical Society, of the American Bible Society, and of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. Both Mrs. Bayard and her husband (as their names indicate) were of Huguenot descent. The Bayard family is a distinguished one. Of the descendants of Judge Bayard's uncle, four have for eighty years almost continuously occupied seats in the United States Senate, one was a signer of the Treaty of Ghent, another has been Secretary of State and is now Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Reserving any full consideration of the value of Thomas Paine as a philosopher and writer until the present first volume of *The Writings of Thomas Paine*, collected and edited by Moncure D. Conway (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is followed by the other three, and the entire collection of his works is before us, we may here simply congratulate Mr. Conway on his purpose and the country on the promise of its fulfillment. We are not ignorant of the nearly universal prejudice which has banished the name of this once famous author from polite circles in America, nor do we think that prejudice wholly unreasonable. Nevertheless, it is true that Mr. Paine was in his day an able as well as a popular writer on political subjects, and did perhaps as much as any man of his generation to fire the American passion for independence and to inform the American understanding as to the principles upon which alone the future well-being of the American colonies could be established. He was not a prophet, but he was sufficiently prophetic to forecast some of the more essential elements which were to and did enter into its future constitution. Nor did he lack, in his earlier writings, an apparently reverential and even religious spirit. It is, indeed, easy to accuse him of making his frequent references to justice, God, and the Hebrew Scriptures in an *ad captandum* spirit; but such is not the appearance of his references, and we prefer to take them as the expression of a genuine feeling, possibly the result of traditional education rather than of spiritual life, but none the less genuine because superficial. His political philosophy was largely that of Rousseau, and this no longer finds acceptance among scholars; and yet this philosophy is rather suggested than affirmed, and in one curious and interesting passage is placed in close connection with what seems much like an anticipation of the soberer account of the origin of government afforded by the modern evolutionary school. In Paine's time the pamphlet did the double work done in our day by both the daily journal and the monthly review; and, if Thomas

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Paine's pamphlets and contributions lack something of the weight and dignity of the Review, they afford, in a literary point of view, a model worthy of study by the modern editorial writer.

In Italy a child says as instinctively of anything "*È bello*," "*È brutto*," "it is beautiful" or "it is ugly," as that it is good or that it is true. Here and in Great Britain, perhaps because of tenacious ultra-Puritanism, the good and true are indeed emphatic as nowhere else, but the beautiful as an instinct is often lacking. It is this need for a substratum of appreciation which seems to have been the motive for the publication of Mr. William Ordway Partridge's *Art for America* (Roberts Brothers, Boston), one of those volumes in which the writer's impulse and enthusiasm are so great as to make it seem quite possible that we are listening to his voice instead of reading his words. As to those words, despite all attractiveness of subject and style, we could wish that there were not so many of them. The author seems inebriated with his own verbosity. Patriotic he is to a spread-eagle degree, and finds that Americans who spend their art-lives in Rome or Paris produce only "pretty, idle, senseless statues and paintings that are neither good nor bad." What would Messrs. Story, Randolph Rogers, Park, Elihu Vedder, Bridgman, Ridgway Knight, Walter Gay, and Sargent say to this? Perhaps they had supposed that art had no country. Mr. Partridge then declares that the creative faculties of our children are starved, while the receptive ones are put to utmost tension. How about the work of the kindergartens? But an artist's talk is sometimes as good as the scenes he paints, and Mr. Partridge's is often as powerfully picturesque as his "Shakespeare" just set up in Chicago. He is equally interesting whether discoursing on "True and False Education," "American Sculpture," or "Manhood in Art," and he stands for the necessity, which the Greeks recognized better than we, that art to be art must grow with the life; it can seldom be engrafted in later years. But why was the essay on "Goethe as a Dramatist" appended to this volume, and since when has Gustav Freytag been spelling his name Freitag?

One of the most attractive books of the season is Mrs. Celia Thaxter's *An Island Garden*, which gives an account of that lovely bit of ground on Appledore, the largest of the Isle of Shoals, which for many years has yielded its best returns to Mrs. Thaxter's loving care. This bit of color on the rocks, nourished by sea-moisture and attended and watched by that genius for flower-culture which seems to be the only thing that makes flowers prosper, has been observed by all visitors at Appledore, and is remembered by them as something peculiarly beautiful. Mrs. Thaxter is an enthusiast. She knows and respects the individuality of flowers, and because she has this knowledge they respond to her friendliness by the richest possible development. Since she was a little child in her island home the garden on Appledore has been a kingdom of delight to the gardener, and, after having made it bloom for many years, she has now in a way pressed its flowers and caught its perfume between the pages of a book. The record of the summer, from April to autumn, is kept in this volume, which is a sort of garden idyl, notable for its thorough knowledge of flowers and seasons and birds, and also for its very charming sentiment inspired by garden life. The volume is handsomely printed, and is adorned with pictures and illustrations by Childe Hassam, printed in colors. The text is much better than the illustrations. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mr. Herbert D. Ward's *The White Crown and Other Stories* (Harper & Brothers, New York) is a collection of capital tales. Of them all, the one which appeared in "Harper's Magazine," namely, "A Cast of the Net," seems the strongest, and is quite an ideal Sunday-school story. "The White Crown" itself is rather too contrary to fact, but its style is delightful, and its literal translating from supposed German or supposed French well done. "Only an Incident" is perhaps of all the most picturesque, and is dramatically told; while the tale of "The Missing Interpreter" is described with pithy phrases "right from the shoulder." Such meaningful terseness is characteristic of all Mr. Ward's work, and his story-telling is indeed a wholesome tonic in these days wherein flourish too many morbid and mawkish novel-writers.

Florence A. Merriam's *My Summer in a Mormon Village* is slight and unpretentious—not given to argument or statistics or exaggerated emotion—but it relates the personal, every-day experience of a sympathetic woman in her neighborly intercourse with Mormon women and their husbands. Its simplicity makes it effective and affecting. Some of the out-of-door chapters also are agreeably written. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Dr. J. I. Mombert's *Short History of the Crusades* is an admirable piece of condensation. It is good for reference, and good also as furnishing a convenient and trustworthy [illegible] of reviewing quickly an important subject. The intricate thread of the history of the various crusades are united into a systematic and intelligent single story. Maps and an index are of value. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—M. Arsène Houssaye, the French librettist and writer, is now over eighty years of age.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse will issue a new volume of verses next autumn. It is nine years since the appearance of his last book of poems, "Firdausi in Exile."

—Mr. Arthur J. Evans, the son-in-law of the late Professor Freeman, has edited and annotated the volume of the historian's "Sicily" left by the author in manuscript. The period covered is from Dionysios to Agathokles.

—The eighty-third birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was quietly celebrated on June 14 at her residence in First Street, Hartford. Mrs. Stowe is now unable to receive the personal congratulations of others than her immediate relatives.

—M. Maurice Maeterlinck has been writing an exposition of Ibsen's new play, "The Master Builder." The Belgian psychologist finds a correspondence between the works of Greek dramatists and the "play of souls" in the Norwegian's work.

—The Danish poet Holger Drachmann is now nearly fifty years old. He was for a long time a marine painter, but finally found that his profession lacked the power he must put into his pictures. In 1870 his poetic genius ripened, and his virile originality has made him a great favorite.

—Mr. Wemyss Reid, now Sir Wemyss Reid, the editor of "The Speaker," who was for a long time editor of the Leeds "Mercury," is one of the most conspicuous men in the Liberal party. His biographies of Mr. Forster and of Lord Houghton are finely done, and his one novel, "Gladys Fane," has had a fair success. Rather more than four years ago he founded "The Speaker."

—When Dr. Conan Doyle was still a mere boy he was already such a famous story-teller that his friends would offer him rewards of tarts to induce him to relate romances to them "right out of his head." To-day he is a famous author. In appearance he is big, blond, athletic, and tips the scales at over two hundred pounds. Next autumn he is coming to the United States to lecture on "George Meredith" and on "The Younger Influences in English Literature."

—A monument to the late Friedrich von Bodenstedt, the poet-author of "Mirza Schaffy" (feigned to be a translation from the Tartar), has just been erected in Wiesbaden. Bodenstedt also published many translations from the English, Russian, and Persian. Among those from our tongue, the most notable were his renderings into German from Shakespeare. It may not be generally known that for some years before his appointment as Professor of Slav Languages at Munich, Bodenstedt was editor of that reliable Bremen journal, the "Weser Zeitung."

—Berlin newspapers are coming to the fore both in numbers and circulation. The cheap new ones lead the list, the "Morgen Zeitung" edition of the "Berliner Tageblatt" having a reported circulation of 162,000 copies, while the "Tageblatt" itself has about 60,000. The "Lokal-Anzeiger" has 120,000, the "Reichs-anzeiger" (the Government official organ) half that, the "Vossische Zeitung" (or "Tante Voss," as its Liberal readers love to call it) 40,000, and "Vorwärts," the Socialist organ, the same; the conservative "Kreuz-Zeitung," the "free-conservative" "Post," and the liberal "National Zeitung" 20,000 each.

—Any piece of writing, to last, must be as perfect in form as the writer can make it. We see enough of ephemeral work in our newspapers. Just think of the enormous mass of writing in every one of our Sunday papers! And what does it all amount to? It perishes in a day. In one way it is positively pathetic to think of it, though, of course, most of it is written for the hour only. I didn't begin writing till I was forty-eight, then I tried my hand at it at the suggestion of Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who urged me to prepare some text for a collection of reproductions of some of my pictures that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. were going to bring out. So I wrote one sketch, and Mr. Scudder liked it so much that I did several others, and I've been writing more or less ever since. But I don't publish very much, for I work very carefully, write one page sometimes three or four times, and polish incessantly. I often spend a great deal of time on one phrase. . . . My painting I do when I am off on my vacation of two or three months each summer, and I devote a couple of hours in the day to writing. Both of these are recreations for me, and I enjoy them immensely. For that matter, I enjoy everything I do.

So discourses Mr. Hopkinson Smith, in pleasant vein, of his artist-authorship to Mr. Barry, of the Boston "Literary World." Mr. Smith's new book on Venice will appear next autumn, with both text and illustrations by himself. This new "Venetian Life" may be a rival for honors with Mr. Howells's work, done long ago, but as good a book as he has ever put forth.

[For list of Books Received see page 1211]

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The Harvard Club House in New York

In connection with President Eliot's twenty-fifth anniversary occur the completion and occupancy of the new Harvard Club House in New York City. The building is three stories in height, occupies two city lots, and looks like the dwelling of some well-to-do citizen a hundred years ago. It is centrally located at 27 West Forty-fourth Street. True, the air of the immediate vicinity is still redolent of stables, but they are disappearing one by one and giving place to such superb structures as are those of the Century, the Racquet, and the St. Nicholas Clubs. Indeed, this locality is now almost as much of a club center as any. At first the façade of the new Harvard Club was expected to be a duplicate of the old John Harvard house at Stratford, but this plan was afterwards abandoned by the architect, Mr. McKim, who showed loyalty to his Alma Mater by making a present of these fine plans to the Alumni Association. The façade is as good a copy of pure Colonial architecture as may be found anywhere. The walls are of what is known as "Harvard brick," patterned directly after the bricks in Harvard Hall at Cambridge. They are laid alternately long and short. The dignified-looking entrance is flanked by Doric stone pillars, and above is a sculptured panel bearing the dates of Harvard's founding and of the Club's founding, together with the college arms, namely, a shield on which lie three open books, the word "Veritas" being written across, while circling all is the motto, "Christo et Ecclesiæ." The entrance-hall is a spacious apartment occupying a third of the ground floor. The rest is taken up by a small reception-room and a large grill-room. On the next floor, reached by a superb stairway, are the library, meeting and banquet rooms, so arranged as to be thrown into one great hall for Harvard reunions. On the third floor there are the billiard and card rooms and the office of the House Committee. There are, unfortunately, no sleeping-apartments. The plans, however, have not yet been fully completed, and the rear extension is still to be built. Owing to Mr. McKim's generosity, the cost so far of the structure has been but about $40,000. The lots cost $72,000. Taken as a whole, the interior is even more emphatic of mellow age than is the exterior. This is not conveyed in the freshly toned crimson walls and upholstery (any other color would be unorthodox) nor in the clever arrangement of rooms. It is rather in the solid mahogany doors, in the old black marble mantels, the old clocks and old furniture, all taken from old homes or given by old Harvard boys. The hale and hearty age already so well expressed by the façade is further accentuated by the fine portraits, bric-à-brac, and relics. Although the New York City Harvard Club was organized twenty-five years ago, this beautiful new structure is the first adequate building of its own, or the first considerable alumni club-house of any of our great universities to be established in the metropolis. As a needed home after years of monthly dinners, the Harvard Club in 1887 took a house in Twenty-second Street. All Harvard men in and out of New York will be glad that the Club is now housed in more fitting and permanent quarters. The present officers are Messrs. Edward King, President; George Blagden, Vice-President; Frederick Cromwell, Treasurer; and Evert Jansen Wendell, Secretary. The membership now reaches seven hundred, two hundred and fifty of these being on the non-resident list.

The Harvard Club House

A pure cream of tartar powder.

Cleveland's

Pure and Sure.

Baking Powder

Absolutely the Best.

Correspondence

An Occasion for Protest

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is proposed by an "economical" Congress to abolish the office of Superintendent of Indian Schools. A few years ago we might have acquiesced in such a decision on the ground of uselessness—not of the office, but of the incumbent. I taught an Indian school for three years, and one of the more easily accessible ones at that, as it was situated only ten miles from a railway station. Yet during that time it was but once officially visited (except by the Agent), and upon that well-remembered occasion not a single criticism or suggestion was offered, nor did my august superior vouchsafe the slightest display of interest in the school or the pupils. His call was purely perfunctory, and produced no effect of any kind whatsoever.

Seriously, however, we are all aware that a system cannot exist without a head, nor a school organization worthy the name without a superintendent. At the time of which I write the Government Indian schools could not be called a *system* of schools—they were merely a disorderly collection of educational (?) units. If I were to relate things which I have seen and known of them, I should scarcely be believed. Some of them were *never* inspected, not even by the agents, for years at a time, and irregularities of the most glaring kind were tolerated, or perhaps not even known.

Under Commissioner Morgan a remarkable advance was made. It was seriously undertaken to create order out of this chaos. I had the pleasure of assisting for a time in the work as Supervisor of the Sioux schools, and I can testify to the surprise and bewilderment of many of the teachers when they were made to understand that there was a certain standard which they were expected to reach; that something like a given result should be obtained in a given time; and that comparisons might be instituted between their schools and those of others. It had formerly been sufficient, if one did not care to teach arithmetic, to excuse the deficiency by saying that "Indians can't understand figures;" or, if reading proved a bore, that "Indian children can't learn to read." Children who had attended school for seven or eight years had in some cases been kept going over and over the same ground, until they knew every bit of their lessons by rote, and grew duller every day.

Some teachers (?) were unutterably disgusted by the introduction of "courses of study," of teachers' institutes, and of critical supervision. Others responded eagerly to the needed stimulus and made rapid advances; and I have no doubt that the subsequent extension of civil service requirements over these positions has replaced most of the former class by reasonably competent persons.

During my short term as Supervisor my chief cause for dissatisfaction lay in the fact that, so far from being without a head, the new-made system was hydra-headed. The Superintendent of Indian Schools was merely a school inspector, without power or definite responsibility. My duties were similar to his, within a circumscribed territory; and yet I was not his assistant and held no official relation to him whatsoever. I was wholly independent of the various Indian Agents, who countenanced or hindered my work according to their several dispositions. To complicate matters still further, the five Inspectors, reporting to the Secretary of the Interior, and the five Special Agents, reporting to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, occasionally visited these schools, and, not being school experts—and many of them, indeed, not even educated men—their comments and suggestions were not generally edifying. The teacher who, while lacking in self-confidence, really wanted to do her duty, was hopelessly bewildered by these contradictory orders and criticisms from a set of men all of whom she feared, because she believed that any one of them might cause her to be dismissed. As to which one of them all she was directly responsible, she had not the faintest idea, unless it might be the Agent, from whom she received her pay.

The real value of school supervision lies not so much in the maintenance of a uniform set of regulations as in the education of a corps of teachers. The successful Superintendent is not he who merely inspects and reports upon schools, however thoroughly and well, but he who welds together in the fires of his enthusiasm and with the hammer of his mental superiority a compact and loyal body of teachers, to be a trustworthy instrument in his hands for the accomplishment of his large designs. The National reputation of Dr. Hailmann, the new Superintendent of Indian Schools, guarantees us that he is such an educator as this. With adequate powers and a sufficient number of trained assistants, responsible *directly to himself, to cover the ground effectively*, including remote and hitherto neglected districts, what might he not do for the education of the Indian youth? Is this a fit moment in which to "abolish" the vitally important office of Superintendent of Indian Schools?

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

St. Paul, Minn.

The Central Pacific Debt

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The question of refunding the debt of the Central Pacific Railroad to the United States is now in process of determination before Congress. The case is this: The Central Pacific Railroad Company is now confessedly bankrupt. It owes, among other debts to a great amount, to the United States the sum of about $77,000,000, being principal and interest of six per cent. bonds payable thirty years from their date, issued by the United States to the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad at sundry dates from January 16, 1865, to January 22, 1872, to the total original amount of $27,855,680. Of these bonds the first will become due, with interest (amounting to 180 per cent. on the face of the bond without compounding), on January 16, 1895 (viz., next year); and the other bonds will fall due in their order until the maturity of the last one, January 22, 1902. Now, Mr. C. P. Huntington, the only survivor of the four men who built the Central Pacific Railroad, wants Congress to enact that the railroad may have a hundred years more in which to pay this money at only 2 per cent. interest, the Government to become responsible for the payment of both interest and principal of the new bonds, the present issue of bonds to be withdrawn when the new ones are issued, the railroad to

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain, and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

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be wholly exonerated from liability for the present bonds, and to be obligated to repay to the Government the principal and interest of the new bonds by installments.

So far, this scheme does not look very badly, but now observe:

1. The Central Pacific Railroad Company is a corporation not under Federal law, but under the laws of California. By its charter it ceases to exist as a corporation in A.D., 1911, when its affairs must be wound up, and when, if it pays its debts, it can re-incorporate, or, if not, it must go into a receiver's hands to be dealt with as bankrupt.

2. Under California law those who were stockholders when the debts of the road were incurred are liable for the debts of the road in proportion to the amount of stock so held by them.

3. Under the same law, and as the railroad bond business now stands, the four estates of Messrs. Huntington, Stanford, Crocker, and Hopkins can be made to pay, if necessary, the debts of the bankrupt Central Pacific Railroad to the United States; and, in fact, a suit has already been instituted by the United States Attorney-General against the Stanford estate for that purpose.

4. Under the proposed law for refunding, those estates would be exonerated from such liability along with the corporation.

5. The corporation itself will disappear in the year 1911; and then nobody at all will be left to pay the debt to the Government. And if the Government should then take possession of the road, it would get, to use the striking words of one of the railroad men in describing this very operation, "two streaks of rust and a right of way."

In short: if it had been proposed to form a plan to prevent the Government from collecting the debt due to it—or, at least, the greater part of it—from the Central Pacific Railroad, a better scheme for that purpose could hardly have been devised.

This is the scheme against which the citizens of San Francisco protested in a public mass-meeting in that city, May 25, by a unanimous vote, authorizing at the same time the appointment of three commissioners to proceed to Washington and oppose the intended refunding scheme. That scheme has not yet succeeded, and if the public attention is sufficiently directed to it, it cannot succeed. I.

A New Romancer

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your pleasant criticism of Mr. Hope's novel, "A Prisoner of Zenda," you refer to the author as hitherto unknown. The following facts concerning this new writer (whose literary career has been a short one) will therefore be of interest to your readers, especially as his future reputation will, in all likelihood, bear out your discriminating judgment of his work.

"A Prisoner of Zenda" is not Mr. Hope's first book. "A Man of Mark" was published by Remington & Co., London, in 1890, followed by "Father Stafford" (Cassell) early in 1892. In the spring of 1893 appeared a collection of short stories, for the most part reprinted from the "St. James's Gazette," with the title "Sport Royal" (Messrs. Innes). "A Change of Air" was published by Messrs. Methuen in June of last year, and attracted wide attention. From the outset his vivid style and deftness of handling his scenes and characters, together with his remarkable knack of sustaining interest in his story, have held his readers and convinced them that whatever Mr. Hope had to say would be said in an unusual and unaccustomed manner, free from suspicion of boredom. The bright youthfulness and amiability of temperament which belong to the author give spontaneity and sprightliness to the reflectiveness, and humor scattered up and down his pages. So far his work at least entitles him to an acknowledged place among the writers of the day who cater for the entertainment of their readers.

"Anthony Hope" is the son of the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, London, his full name being Anthony Hope Hawkins. Born in 1863, he was educated at Marlborough, was a scholar at Balliol, and figured prominently at Oxford, where his keen interest in public affairs and his abilities led to his being elected President of the Union. Like many other young beginners in literature, Mr. Hawkins was called to the Bar, and he still continues his practice, which he began at the Middle Temple in 1877. His interest in politics is also great, as witness his contest at the last general election as a Liberal candidate for South Bucks, in which he was defeated. J. M.

Naval History

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your book-reviewer, in noticing a late work on the Navy of the United States, states as a curious fact that it is the first consecutive history of our naval battles. Allow me to transcribe the title of a work in my possession, which possibly may be rare, as it seems to be unknown by your literary critic: "American Naval Battles: Being a Complete History of the Battles Fought by the Navy of the United States from its Establishment in 1794 to the Present Time, including the Wars with France and with Tripoli, the Late War with Great Britain and with Algiers, with an Account of the Attack on Baltimore, and of the Battle of New Orleans. With 21 elegant Engravings. Boston: Published by J. J. Smith, Jr., 1831." (Copyrighted by Horace Kimball.)

R. A. ALLEN.

Explorations in Egypt

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The volume on Almas, the site of Hanes (Isaiah xxx., 4), has just been issued, and that on Queen Hatasu's temple will soon follow. Our annual circular and appeal have just been sent out. So crippled for funds are we that an earnest call for aid is imperative in order to continue even the most important explorations in progress. Each subscriber of but five dollars secures a very instructive brochure with plates, an annual report, and, especially, the season's quarto volume, embellished with many interesting views of the work and the objects discovered. As Dr. W. Hayes Ward said, "This volume is alone worth the subscription money." But it is for the *cause* that our friends contribute. Patrons give twenty-five dollars. All subscriptions are acknowledged in "Biblia," published at Meriden, Conn., the magazine devoted to Biblical archæology.

WILLIAM C. WINSLOW,
Hon. Secretary.

525 Beacon Street, Boston.

Why not, indeed?

When the Royal Baking Powder makes finer and more wholesome food at a less cost, which every housekeeper familiar with it will affirm, why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use it exclusively?

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

From Asia Minor

To the Editors of The Outlook:

St. Paul's Institute in Tarsus, Asia Minor, established for the training of evangelists and teachers in that needy region, has just closed another year of good work.

The late Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, of New York, always a warm friend of the school, left it a hundred thousand dollars in his will. The interest on this, it is estimated, will be nearly sufficient to meet the current expenses of the Institute. But the sum of ten thousand dollars is urgently needed, to buy two houses in Tarsus; up to this time the school has done its work in rented houses and rooms, quite unsuitable for the purpose.

The Rev. Thomas D. Christie, D.D., the President of the Institute, is spending a few months in this country, in order to secure the purchase money that shall give the work a permanent foothold and additional advantages in Tarsus. He may be addressed at 203 Broadway, New York.

The Rev. H. S. Jenanyan has resigned his position in the Institute, and his resignation has been accepted by the Trustees.

H. M. MACCRACKEN,
President of Board of Trustees, St. Paul's Institute.

New York, June, 1894.

Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Colmore, G. A Daughter of Music.
Johnson, General B. T. General Washington.
Van Norden, Charles, D.D. The Psychic Factor.

THE CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Simpson, Rev. A. B. Larger Outlooks on Missionary Lands.

EDWIN W. DAYTON, 641 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Myer, Isaac, LL.B. Scarabs.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Miller, Olive Thorne. Our Pets and How to Keep Them. $1.25.
Peard, Frances Mary. An Interloper. $1.25.
Stuart, Ruth McEnery. Carlotta's Intended, and Other Stories. $1.50.
Bangs, J. K. Three Weeks in Politics. 50 cts.
Howells, W. D. Five O'Clock Tea. 50 cts.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Ruskin, John. Verona, and Other Lectures. $2.50.
Drisler, Henry. Classical Studies. $4.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

By Jwo. The Hon. Stanbury and Others. 50 cts.
Rutgers, Lispenard. On and Off the Saddle. $1.
Le Gallienne, Richard. Prose Fancies. $1.

W. J. SHUEY, DAYTON, O.

Kephart, Rev. C. J. Jesus the Nazarene. 50 cts.

STUDENT PUBLISHING CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Sydenstricker, Rev. H. M., A.M. The Epic of the Orient. 75 cts.
Andrews, E. Benjamin. An Honest Dollar. 75 cts.

J. SELWIN TAIT & SONS, NEW YORK

Williams, Mrs. McCulloch. Two of a Trade. 50 cts.

THERE is but one way in the world to be sure of having the best paint, and that is to use only a well-established brand of strictly pure white lead, pure linseed oil, and pure colors.*

The following brands are standard "Old Dutch" process, and are always absolutely

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"ANCHOR" (Cincinnati).
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"ATLANTIC" (New York).
"BEYMER-BAUMAN" (Pittsburgh).
"BRADLEY" (New York).
"BROOKLYN" (New York).
"COLLIER" (St. Louis).
"CORNELL" (Buffalo).
"DAVIS-CHAMBERS" (Pittsburgh).
"ECKSTEIN" (Cincinnati).
"FAHNESTOCK" (Pittsburgh).
"JEWETT" (New York).
"KENTUCKY" (Louisville).
"JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO." (Phila.)
"MORLEY" (Cleveland).
"MISSOURI" (St. Louis).
"RED SEAL" (St. Louis).
"SALEM" (Salem, Mass.)
"SHIPMAN" (Chicago).
"SOUTHERN" (St. Louis and Chicago).
"ULSTER" (New York).
"UNION" (New York).

*If you want colored paint, tint any of the above strictly pure leads with National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

These colors are sold in one-pound cans, each can being sufficient to tint 25 pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead the desired shade; they are in no sense ready-mixed paints, but a combination of perfectly pure colors in the handiest form to tint Strictly Pure White Lead.

Send us a postal card and get our book on paints and color-card, free.

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Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

Call for Information

All readers of The Outlook who live near enough to call are especially invited to visit the Recreation Department and obtain its help in planning a summer trip anywhere. We are able in many cases to show photographs of the houses you may wish to know of, and a personal interview always enables us to give better information. You possibly have in mind just the kind of a place you would like to visit. If you will call (or write if you can't come), we shall be very glad to help you find it. We can help you plan a tour, tell you of connections, of ways to go by water or rail, and the hotels you will find *en route*. Almost any information you want in relation to summer travel can be given you. All subscribers are entitled to use the Recreation Department freely.

Thanks!

The following letter explains so well the value of asking the Recreation Department for suggestions that we print it, trusting that it may lead many of our readers to more fully understand the workings of the Recreation Department. We are glad to have every reader and the friends of every reader of The Outlook avail themselves of the services of the Recreation Department.

Amherst, Mass., June 18, 1894.

Recreation Department of The Outlook, 13 Astor Peace, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—I wish to thank you for the full and discriminating manner in which you have responded to my request for information about Adirondack houses. I find myself at once informed as to topography of the region, railroad fares, rates of board, and the various routes among the mountains. It seems to me that I should have spent hours of time and attained to much weariness of mind in securing in any other way a much smaller amount of information. I am obliged to you.

Yours truly, Mrs. H. H.

Special Chautauqua Excursion

The Erie Lines will run a special excursion from New York to beautiful Chautauqua Lake, on Monday, July 2, at the low rate of $10 for the round trip. Tickets will be good going on any regular train leaving New York on Monday, July 2, and returning on regular trains within thirty days, with privilege of returning via Niagara Falls, without extra charge.

The Erie is the only line running solid trains to Chautauqua Lake, connecting at Jamestown and Lakewood with steamers for Chautauqua Assembly Grounds and all other points on the Lake.

Tickets and full information can be obtained at Erie Ticket Offices at 401, 273, 261, and 957 Broadway, 156 East 125th Street, Chambers Street and West Twenty-third Street Stations, New York; 331 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; and Jersey City Station.

Opening of the Mountain House, Cresson Springs, and Stopping of All Express Trains at Cresson

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on and after June 25, 1894, all express trains, including the Pennsylvania Limited, will stop at Cresson. The Mountain House will be opened on that day.

Commencing the same day, observation-cars will be attached to the Pacific Express west and the Day Express east for the trip over the mountains.

TOURS

The Only American Firm in the Business.

J. L. ALDROVANDI. E. M. JENKINS.

E. M. JENKINS & CO.,

GENERAL AMERICAN & EUROPEAN TOURIST AGENTS,

273 Broadway, N. Y. (Cor. Chambers Street).

Passenger Agents for all Trans-Atlantic, Southern, and Coastwise Steamers. Tours to Europe, Palestine, and Around the World. Excursion tickets to the White Mountains, Thousand Islands, Adirondacks, the Great Lakes, California, and Mexico. Select Parties to Europe leave New York June 6th, June 20th, July 4th, July 16th, Sept. 15th, under personal escorts.

FOREIGN HOTELS

Germany

Berlin Good Private Boarding-Home

Conveniently located. Excellent table. Moder. terms (4-6 Mk. room and full board p. day, 90-150 Mk. p. month). Special facilities for learning German.

Frl. Fanny Beck,
Berlin S.W., Hallesche-Str. 20.

SUMMER COTTAGES

COTTAGE LOTS

LITTLEJOHN'S AND COUSIN'S ISLANDS

CASCO BAY

SEVEN MILES FROM PORTLAND, MAINE; beautiful surroundings; easy of access; fishing, boating; restful. You can own a seashore resort for very little money, without the disagreeable features of many public resorts; 30 minutes from Portland. For further particulars write to

NOWELL & BATCHELDER,
441 Exchange Building, Boston.

FORT HILL, YORK BEACH, ME.—To let, a new furnished cottage of nine rooms, on the crest of Fort Hill, the highest elevation at York Beach. Sea views from every room. Stable if desired. Apply to Rev. GEO. M. WOODWELL, York Village, Maine.

A **COTTAGE OF 7 ROOMS,** well furnished; five minutes' walk from depot and surf bathing; good country and seashore view; to let for July and August. For terms and particulars address Mrs. H. DEARBORN, York Beach, Me., Box 46.

Siasconset, Nantucket To rent, completely furnished cottage on the bluff; 10 rooms; sanitation perfect and good water. Address P. O. Box **98**, Auburndale, Mass.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Canada

Belœil the Beautiful

HOTEL IROQUOIS

ST. HILAIRE, P. Q.

1,600 feet elevation. Five minutes' walk from beautiful lake. Good fishing and boating. Healthiest location east of the Rocky Mountains. Tennis-courts, croquet-grounds, bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, livery. For terms and directions for reaching the place address H. P. DYE, Hotel Iroquois, St. Hilaire, P.Q., or N.Y. office, care Outlook, New York.

NOVA SCOTIA

is becoming the popular summer resort of this Continent. Tourists express surprise and delight with the climate, scenery, temperature, etc. Thermometer (at Yarmouth) averages 67 in the middle of the day during July and August. The new Grand Hotel opens July 2d. It will be the finest house in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Charles T. Wilson, late manager of Glen House, White Mountains, will conduct it. Send for circulars. Grand Hotel, Yarmouth, N. S. (Only 17 hours from Boston by direct boat.)

California

LOS ANGELES: The Hollenbeck

Illustrated book describing Southern California sent on request by A. C. BILICKE & CO.

Colorado

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.: The Antlers

Illustrated book, describing Colorado Springs, sent on request by E. BARNETT, Proprietor.

Connecticut

HAUTBOY HILL FARM will be opened for guests as usual. Tired-out professional men or weary wives who want rest will find real country and comfort. Pamphlet sent on application.
HARRY SEDGWICK, Cornwall Hollow, Conn.

CREST VIEW SANITARIUM GREENWICH, CT.

Absolutely healthful; very accessible; superior accommodations; home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER RESORT,
ALWAYS COOL AND NO MOSQUITOES.

INDIAN HARBOR HOTEL

GREENWICH, CONN.
NOW OPEN.
B. H. YARD, PROPRIETOR.

Situated on Long Island Sound, 28 miles from New York; 46 minutes from Grand Central Depot. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

Moseley's New Haven House

one of the most famous and comfortable hotels in New England, has been enlarged and modernized in all arrangements; passenger elevator; opposite Yale University; handy to the business district. New Haven has unusual attractions in its parks and drives to the shore. Rooms and board by the week during the months of July and August at reduced rates. SETH H. MOSELEY.

Pequot House and Cottages

NEW LONDON, CONN.

NOW OPEN

A delightful combination of seashore and country life at the Pequot. Furnished cottages to rent for the season. Send for terms and circulars. BLANCHARD & HAGER.

HOTEL RIPPOWAM and Cottages

Stamford on the Sound

50 minutes from New York. Hotel has all city conveniences. Extensive grounds and fine old shade; celebrated spring water; vegetables grown on place. Orchestra.
F. T. MACGEVERAN, Manager,
Late of the Seminole Hotel, Winter Park, Fla.

Maine

BLUE HILL INN

BLUE HILL, Me.

Third season. Noted for its healthy location. On the picturesque Blue Hill Bay. Mountainous and mild sea air. Prices reasonable. H. L. BANKS, Manager.

OTTAWA HOUSE

CUSHING'S ISLAND, MAINE

The highest, healthiest, and most charming spot on the coast of Maine. Send for circular.
M. S. GIBSON, Portland, Maine.

GREENACRE INN

ELIOT, MAINE

Opens for guests June 27, **under its original manager,** Miss M. Daniell, of the Rumford Kitchen, World's Fair, Chicago, and late of University of Chicago. Circulars on application. Miss M. DANIELL, Eliot, Maine.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE

PEPPERRELL HOUSE

Four miles from Portsmouth, N. H. A pleasant, healthy, and quiet summer resort. Seashore and country combined. Safe boating. Good fishing. For descriptive circular, terms, etc., address E. F. SAFFORD, Prop.

THE POCAHONTAS

Gerrish Island, Kittery Point, Me.

H. A. COBB, *Manager.*

Superbly located upon ocean. Beautiful woods close at hand. Every summer pastime. Finely situated shore land for sale.

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Maine

MOUNT DESERT THE GLENCOVE

Fine location. Good rooms and table. For circular and terms address LYNAM & CAMPBELL, Seal Harbor, Maine.

PORTLAND, MAINE
PREBLE HOUSE
$3.00 per day. J. C. WHITE.

HOTEL MADOCKAWANDO

Heron Island, So. Bristol, Maine, will open June 20. Rev. Dr. Shinn, of Newton, Mass., calls it "an enchanted isle." For circulars address E. ROGERS.

SULLIVAN HARBOR, MAINE MANOR INN

Opposite Bar Harbor.
For circular address C. S. HAWES, Sullivan, Me.

"OCEAN HOUSE," York Beach, Maine, *largest and leading* Hotel, directly opposite the *bathing surf;* opens June 25th. Send for circulars, which describe the many *attractive features. Terms to suit the times.*

YORK BEACH, Hotel Rockaway

Grandest views on Maine Coast. Surf-bathing. Beautiful drives and walks. H. A. MITCHELL.

Hotel Albracca
YORK HARBOR, MAINE
Opens June 7
Write for circular. W. L. BAKER, Prop.

York Harbor, Maine
MARSHALL HOUSE
Opens June 25. E. S. MARSHALL, Proprietor.

Massachusetts

The Prescott faces the sea

The grand old ocean is but a stone's-throw from the veranda. Fine lawns and shade. A picturesque location. Write Mrs. F. H. GOULD, Lynn, Mass.

MARBLEHEAD

ROCKMERE POINT. Cove Cottages will accommodate a few summer **boarders;** large, airy rooms; fine views; prominent headland; grounds and beach for bathing, boating, and fishing **private for our guests.** Address J. R. GILES, Marblehead, Mass.

The SPRINGFIELD
NANTUCKET, MASS.

Open the year around. Rates, $2.50 to $3.50 per day.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS
CHARLES H. MOWRY, Proprietor.

A few select boarders may be accommodated at
TACONIC FARM
in the most desirable part of the
BERKSHIRE HILLS
Terms, $7.00 to $12.00 per week. Address H. F. KEITH, Mount Washington, Berkshire Co., Mass.

OCEAN HOUSE
SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.

The leading resort near Boston on the North Shore. Application can be made at the hotel, Swampscott.
Mrs. M. H. CARTER, Prop.

New Hampshire

BARTLETT, N. H.
CAVE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Very pleasantly located, right in the heart of White Mountains; fine drives and scenery; within 12 miles of the famous Willey Slide and 15 miles of the Notch, and an easy day's trip to Mt. Washington; has all modern improvements, electric bells and lights, bath-rooms, fine water, etc.; good table, and rooms large and airy; can accommodate 75 guests; rate per day $2.50; rate per week, $7 to $12; reduced rates for families remaining the full season. Reference, O. H. Smith, 75 State Street, Boston. Address E. A. STEVENS, Bartlett, N. H.

THE COLUMBUS, Bethlehem, N. H.—Open June 10th to Oct. 10th. New and first-class. Pure milk and cream and plenty of fresh vegetables and berries. For particulars and terms apply to G. ALLEN NOYES

ECHO HILL HOUSE
WHITE MOUNTAINS, Bethlehem, N. H.
An Ideal Summer Home. CALLAHAN & LEAVENS.

BETHLEHEM, N. H.
HOWARD HOUSE

Central location; pleasant; good table; moderate prices. F. E. DERBYSHIRE.

May 1st —— Nov

HALCYON HALL
Millbrook, Duchess Co. N. Y.

The hotel curiosity of the nineteenth century. Situated on the peak of Dutchess County. Two and one-half hours from New York, via N. Y. Central R. R. Elevation, 1,000 feet. Dry air. Fine roads and livery. Extended views. Orchestra, ten pieces, three times daily. Terms, Five Dollars and upwards. Apply for terms and prospectus to
H. H. VALENTINE, Manager, Millbrook, N. Y.

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.
PROFILE HOUSE and Cottages

The largest of the leading Summer Hotels, with a patronage of the highest order, situated in the beautiful Franconia Notch, which possesses many points of attraction unequaled in New England. Open June 26th to Oct. 1st. For rooms address, until June 15th, C. H. Greenleaf & Co., Hotel Vendôme, Boston; later, Taft & Greenleaf, Profile House, N. H. Also

The Flume House in Franconia Notch, five miles from the Profile House Most desirable for families and parties wishing for a long season in the Mountains. Open June 1st to October 20th.

New Hampshire

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N.H.
MAPLEWOOD

East End of the famous town of Bethlehem. Grand center of all the White Mountain attractions. The great resort of health and pleasure. Maplewood Hotel opens July 6. Maplewood Cottage opens June 10. **13 FURNISHED COTTAGES.** Send for illustrated folder to AINSLIE & WEBSTER, Managers,
No. 62 Boylston Street, Boston.

BETHLEHEM (WHITE MTS.) N. H.
The Sinclair

OPENS JUNE 15

Rates per day, $3.50. Special for families by week.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR

THE UPLANDS
AND COTTAGES, BETHLEHEM, N. H.

Located on the highest point in town; wide lawns thorough heating for late guests; accommodates 150.
F. H. ABBOTT, Prop.

White Mountains
Lake Winnipesaukee
SENTER HOUSE Centre Harbor, N. H.

A Summer Hotel of the highest grade. Plans, illustrated circulars, and prices may be obtained at address below, or, if preferred, will be pleased to call in person at residences and places of business. Address until June 30, Stewart House, 41st St. and Broadway, N. Y.
A. H. REYNOLDS (lately Laurel-in-the-Pines).

Forest Hills Hotel
and Cottages
FRANCONIA, N. H.

Open from May to November. Capacity, 150 guests. Rates, $3 and $4 per day.
Also caters to "**House Parties**" winter months. Especially fitted and favorably located for cold weather. JAMES W. DUDLEY, Proprietor.

MT. LAFAYETTE HOUSE, Franconia, White Mountains, N. H.—A delightful summer resort among the mountains. Open May 1. Send for circular. RICHARDSON BROS., Proprietors.

IRON MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Jackson, N. H.

Now open. Special inducements to early visitors. Send for circular. W. A. MESERVE.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.—Highland House, Jefferson Highlands, New Hampshire. Elevation, 1,650 feet. Reduction for June and September. Send for circular. J. L. POTTLE.

New Hampshire

PLINY RANGE HOUSE
Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

Beautiful situation; high elevation; reduced rates for June and September; good rooms and board; beautiful drives. Correspondence solicited. GEO. W. CRAWFORD & SON.

The Wentworth
Newcastle, N. H.
Railroad Station, Portsmouth, N. H.

Thirty minutes distant, where coaches from the house meet every train.

The Fashionable Resort of the North Shore

Open for the Season June 30th

New Rockingham
Portsmouth, N. H.

FINEST HOTEL IN THE COUNTRY

Popular and convenient stopping place for tourists en route to or from the Mountains, Canada, or resorts of Maine.

Frank Jones, Proprietor. **W. K. Hill,** Manager.

LITTLETON, N.H.—Mountain Home House. Beautifully located near all the points of interest in the White Mountains. Abundant shade, pure water, perfect drainage. Mrs. E. D. SAWYER.

Oak Hill House
LITTLETON, N. H.

One of the most extended and magnificent views in the White Mountains Perfect drainage; electric lights; all modern improvements. Send for circular. Geo. Farr & Co.

PITMAN HALL LOWER BARTLETT, N. H.

Rates are reasonable for early guests. Address
FRANK THOMPSON.

THE GRAND MONT VERNON, N. H.

1,200 feet above the sea; pine groves, beautiful scenery, pure air, pure water, fine orchestra. For illustrated pamphlet address WADE & CAMPBELL, Managers.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN HOTELS
FABYAN HOUSE
Now Open
CRAWFORD HOUSE
MT. WASHINGTON SUMMIT HOUSE
Will open June 30

Correspondence invited from those desiring accommodations. Post and telegraph office in each house. Information at Recreation Dept., The Outlook, or address
BARRON & MERRILL, Proprietors.

(*For other advertisements in this department see following pages.*)

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"Your information came to-day and is delightfully ample in every particular. If this is an illustration of the way the Recreation Department does business, I do not wonder at its success."

New Haven, Conn., June 20, 1894.

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The Business World

Renewed Depression in Railway Securities

The leading event in the stock market last week was the declaration of the New York Central dividend at the usual rate. Why this should excite special comment is seen in the fact that after reducing operating expenses nearly one and a quarter millions there remained a decrease in net earnings of $660,000. Yet the dividend was declared—with either borrowed or unearned money. This policy justly meets with strong opposition from many financiers. However, when the general character of this primal Vanderbilt property is considered, together with the fact that the present course would be impossible but for an abiding faith that traffic will improve before the end of 1894, other financiers have felt encouraged rather than depressed. Hence the dividend declaration has affected both bears and bulls. The market price of the Company's stock remains the same, at about 97½. Following the reduction of the New York and New Haven's dividend have come those of the Fitchburg Railway and of the Old Colony Steamboat Company. The boycott of Pullman sleepers has been finally ordered by the Convention of the American Railway Union, the carrying out of the order beginning with the Chicago switchmen. While the bond market was weak and lower, the further depression is eloquently shown in the quotations of the insolvent railways. Northern Pacific common is 3½, preferred 13; Reading, 15; Erie, 11½; New England and Union Pacific each 9½, and Atchison has dropped to 4½, the lowest point ever reached. Turning to other properties, the week's wreckage-work may be also seen in declines of two or more points in Pullman to 162, in Baltimore and Ohio to 69, in St. Paul to 58, in Missouri Pacific to 25, and in Central Pacific to 11, while Denver and Rio Grande preferred declined six points, to 24.

Per Capita Circulation

The Treasury gold reserve now stands nearly two millions less than the lowest point reached before the issue of the $50,000,000 bond issue. The last report shows a decrease in circulation sufficient to bring the per capita circulation down to $24.54, taking our population at 68,275,000. This is a dollar less than last January, it is true, but 66 cents more than a year ago, the year's increase being nearly $80,000,000. The following table shows the per capita circulation for the past year to have been as follows:

July 1	$23 80	January 1	$25 55
August 1	24 02	February 1	25 66
September 1	25 01	March 1	24 90
October 1	25 29	April 1	24 85
November 1	25 49	May 1	24 83
December 1	25 57		

France is supposed to have the highest per capita circulation in the world, followed by Belgium, Australia, the United States, the Netherlands, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Spain, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. For the fiscal year now closing, expenditures will have exceeded receipts by nearly $80,000,000; nor is the outlook a hopeful one for an early increase in Government revenue.

The Money Market

Money on call remains at 1 per cent., and on time at 1 per cent. for thirty days, 1½ for sixty, 2 for ninety, 2½ for four months, and 3 for longer periods. Few concessions have been made in the rates for commercial paper, which are 2½ per cent. for prime acceptances, 2¾ per cent. for sixty to ninety day indorsed bills receivable, 3 per cent. for commission-house names four months to run, 3½ per cent. for good six months' names, and 4½ to 5½ per cent. for others. Posted rates for foreign exchange remain as last week, and commercial quotations for silver assay bars are at 63½ cents an ounce. Despite nearly eight millions of gold exported last week (the largest record for any week), the statement of the New York City banks showed a gain in cash resources of three-quarters of a million. This, however, does not reflect the full aspect of affairs, as the gold taken out at the end of the week is not included in this statement. The total net export from January 1 to date is nearly $56,500,000. The scheme of reimbursing the Treasury for the week's gold export is, at best, but a very temporary expedient. Loans increased gratifyingly over $2,500,000, and deposits over $3,000,000. The excess reserve stands at $76,355,375.

How to Make an Island

By sinking iron tubes until firm earth is reached, and then filling them with a material which will form itself into artificial stone, it is proposed to erect an island in the Atlantic Ocean on the shoals of the Jersey Cholera Banks. The water there is sixty feet deep, and it is hoped that a firm foundation may be found at one hundred feet. The exact method of construction will be to place an iron cylinder ten feet in diameter and twelve feet high on end at the bottom of the sea and inside of a caisson. Then begins the dredging out of the sand inclosed by the cylinder's lower rim, causing the cylinder to sink still more. This process is repeated until nearly all has been sunk below the bottom of the sea, when another cylinder will be bolted on to its upper end. Then comes more dredging and more bolting until the right depth is attained. The tube is then filled with a mixture of broken stone, sand, and Portland cement, and the mass becomes a solid concrete pillar. This filling is absolutely necessary, since the iron will probably rust away, while the water's action will hardly affect the concrete. Other tubes are sunk and filled, and a foundation, 200 feet in diameter, is obtained. On this foundation there is to be a large building erected for purposes of pleasure, recreation, and health. The contract for the island-construction has been given to Messrs. Anderson & Barr, of Jersey City, the firm who built the Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, the Hawkesbury River Bridge in New South Wales, and who have had much experience in deep-water work. The island is to be called Atalantis, and its location lies just far enough out to sea to be beyond the jurisdiction of the United States Government.

The Nicaragua Canal

The House Committee on the Nicaragua Bill has decided that the canal can be built for $70,000,000, but that there should be a stock issue of $83,000,000, of which our Government would, under the provisions of the bill, hold $70,000,000, and Nicaragua and Costa Rica $5,500,000, while the Maritime Company would receive $5,500,000 in payment for their concession and for all the stock issued and indebtedness incurred by them before the suspension of operations. It was also settled that the work of construction should be supervised by three engineer officers of the army, and that others should be detailed if necessary. It will be remembered that, three weeks ago, the property of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company was sold at public auction for something under $300,000 cash, that being the entire amount of the Construction Company's liabilities. The purchase by the chairman of the reorganization committee gives that committee the legal title and the full possession of the rights, franchises, and property of the old concern for the benefit of the new. The assets include about 150,000 shares of the capital stock of the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, pledged as collateral to secure unpaid loans to the Construction Company. The bills pending in Congress for the canal's completion and control have a peculiar interest for our transcontinental railways, and the competition of the canal with them is freely admitted. As to general increase of business, however, if much of the grain, lumber, hops, and wine from the Pacific coast came through the canal rather than by the railways, the inducements of lower rates for bulky freight might result in an increase of thousands of bales of cotton passing through to Japan and China from our Southern ports.

Bridging the Hudson at New York City

As is well known, the principal objection hitherto urged against bridging the Hudson at New York City has been the obstruction to navigation from building a pier in the river, and the enormously increased cost of attempting a suspension bridge. In order to evade these difficulties, the measure which has just passed Congress and been signed by the President follows the recommendation of Chief Engineer Casey, of the United States Army. It provides that the bridge shall be constructed with a single span over the entire river, between towers located not further out from the shore than the established pier-head lines in either State, and that no pier shall be built between these towers. The bill further provides that the Secretary of War shall determine both the proper length of span and the elevation. In any case, however, at the center of the span there shall be a minimum clear headway of not less than 150 feet. Furthermore, the company must complete the work within ten years from the time of its commencement. In regard to its use by the railway companies whose termini are now on the Jersey side, the bill reads:

> Said companies may locate, construct, and maintain over such bridge and the approaches thereto railroad tracks for the use of railroads, provided that any railroad on either side of said river shall be permitted to connect its tracks with the said bridge approaches, and shall have equal rights of transit for its rolling-stock, cars, passengers, and freight upon equal and equitable terms; and if a dispute as to the equality or equity of the terms shall arise, it shall be submitted to and decided by the Secretary of War; provided that the location of all approaches of said bridge in the city of New York shall be approved by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the City of New York; and provided, further, that no railroad or railroads shall be operated on the approaches of said bridge companies in the city of New York except on such approaches as shall have been approved by the Sinking Fund Commissioners of the City of New York; provided also that the term "approaches," as used in this act, shall be construed to include only such portion of the road-bed and superstructure on either side of said bridge as is necessary to reach the grade of the bridge from the grade of the streets at which said approaches begin to rise, in order to bring the two elevations together upon and by a grade of not less than twenty feet to the mile.

The bridge will be what is known as a suspension cantilever, and will cost about $40,000,000, including approaches. It is to be purely a railway affair, with six tracks, and will accommodate eight hundred trains a day. The bridge's New York terminus will lie between Fifty-ninth and Sixty-ninth Streets, and the dream of seeing a union station in the neighborhood of Forty-second Street and Broadway which shall include the Pennsylvania, Erie, Jersey Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Lackawanna, Susquehanna, West Shore, and Ontario systems, may be a realized dream within the next decade.

FINANCIAL

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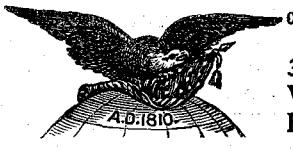

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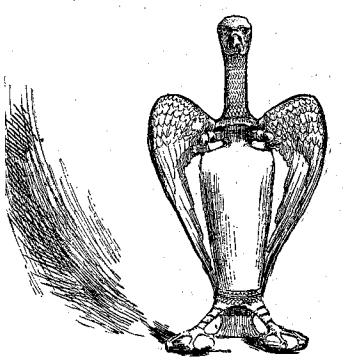

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New Series of The Christian Union

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Bits of Fun

"To make a long story short," observed the blue pencil, "the way to succeed—" "Is to do the work you are cut out for," suggested the scissors. "And stick to it," added the paste-pot.—*World.*

"Huh!" exclaimed the first little girl after she had heard the story of the fall of man; "the serpent couldn't tempt me with an apple. I don't like apples." "But," argued the second girl, "s'pose somebody told you not to eat apples!"—*Detroit Tribune.*

"I think I will take a holiday the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private company to the chairman thereof. "But you are returned from one only two weeks ago." "True; that was my holiday as secretary. I wish to go now as treasurer."—*Harlem Life.*

"I don't mind a woman bein' neat," said old Mrs. Jason, "but one woman I used to know was jist a little too neat for any use. Why, that there woman used to take a couple of goldfish she had out of their tank every Saturday night and give 'em a bath."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A young lieutenant going out to India with his regiment, writing home about the country, says: "The climate is magnificent, but a lot of young fellows come out here and drink and eat, and eat and drink, and die, and then write home and say it was the climate that did it."—*London Truth.*

"Josiar," said Farmer Corntossel's wife, "the roof's a-leakin' agin." "Is it? Well, I'll investigate it ter-morrow." "Josiar"—and she spoke with something like asperity, which was not usual with her—"I don't read the newspapers fur nothin'. Whut thet roof wants ain't investigation. It wants tendin' to."—*Washington Star.*

One of Washington's bright women was present while her husband discussed the financial situation. "I must confess," he said, "that the money market has worried me a great deal." "It wasn't the money market that worried me," observed his wife. "What was it?" "It was the market money."—*Washington Star.*

Here is a true story. Mr. Elliot Stock recently published a new edition of Thomas à Kempis. A favorable review was cut out by a news-cutting agency and addressed to "Thomas A. Kempis, Esq.," care of his publisher, intimating that on receiving a guinea he could be supplied with all references to his writings.—*Westminster Gazette.*

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In every community a free labor bureau should exist to benefit both employers and employed. It relieves individuals and societies from applicants for labor; it investigates thoroughly the character and ability of applicants, and it secures positions for the worthy. The lesson of last winter, with its acute conditions of want and hardship, and also its special exhibitions of tramps and loafers, will not soon be lost upon existing charities. In New York City no organization for benefiting humanity will be a greater exponent of the good gained from this experience than the new Mutual Employment Society. This movement proposes to follow up the work lately prosecuted by the several temporary organizations which have been relieving the unemployed of the past season. The Society has accordingly opened a Labor Exchange at 25 Clinton Place, near Broadway. A superintendent, successful in obtaining hundreds of positions for deserving men last winter, has charge of the office. In the Board of Directors are Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Hebrew clergymen, two bankers, two or three lawyers, and two or three business men. The officers are: the Rev. John B. Devins, of Hope Chapel, President; Mr. W. D'H. Washington, Vice-President; Mr. John Seeley Ward, Jr., Secretary; and Mr. John P. Townsend, Treasurer. The Finance Committee consists of Mr. Logan C. Murray, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's Church; Dr. M. J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral; Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church; Messrs. Robert C. Cornell and Frederick Nathan. Immediate and hearty co-operation is urged from churches, societies, and individuals desiring to aid worthy men to retain their manhood and to support their families. The individual membership subscription has been made two dollars annually, and that for churches and societies ten dollars. Any member is of course entitled to send all applicants for labor to the Society's office, and, other things being equal, the preference will be given to applicants coming from members. This nobly intelligent effort ought to meet with the complete support and success it deserves.

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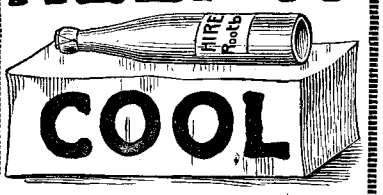

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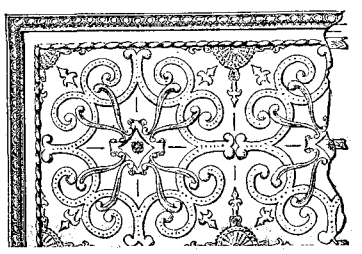

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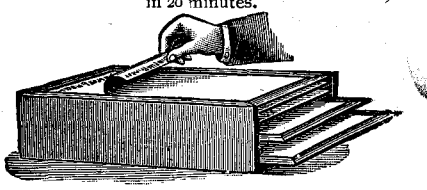

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ıt People

out three of the former Sena- from the State of Massachusetts still living: Messrs. Robert C. Winthrop, who served in 1850–51; George C. Boutwell, 1873–77; and Henry L. Dawes, 1875–93.

—The little mountain village of Bellefonte, Pa., has already given two Governors to that State—namely, Andrew G. Curtin and James A. Beaver—and will give a third if the Republican nominee, General Hastings, is elected.

—The memorial to Phillips Brooks which has been placed in the wall along the south aisle of St. Margaret's Church, close by Westminster Abbey, symbolizes the command, "Feed my sheep." Dr. Benson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, composed the Latin quatrain underneath.

—General Henry B. Cleaves, who has just been honored by the Republicans of Maine with a renomination for the Governorship, is now fifty-two years of age. After serving with great bravery in the Civil War, he went to work in a sash and blind factory, but soon began to study law as well, being admitted to the bar in 1868. He is now regarded as one of the best lawyers in Maine. He resides in Portland.

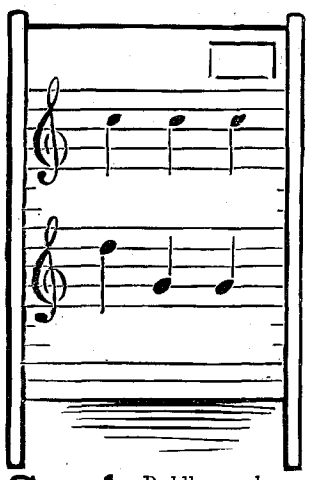
—Miss Agnes Irwin, who has just been appointed Dean of Radcliffe College, is a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and the daughter of a former United States Minister to Denmark. Miss Irwin is not a college graduate, but has gained her great erudition from home study. Dr. Weir Mitchell says of her that "she carries her learning with an amount of modesty that is as pleasing as it is rare with those who are her equals in accomplishments."

—The "Deutsche Rundschau" for May contains some interesting reminiscences written by Professor Eduard Hanslick, who refers to Strauss and Lanner as follows:

Who were those two who really created the "Vienna Waltz"? They were, in early youth, two apprentices, springing from the poorer classes of Vienna's suburbs—the one a bookbinder's and the other a glove-maker's apprentice. Both were without regular musical instruction, and played the prohibited violin exercises secretly in the garret. Lanner began with an orchestra of five or six players, which he directed in some unpretentious suburban balls at "Sperls" or "Goldene Birne." Our Strauss tells us that his father entered Lanner's orchestra as viola-player. With Lanner's increasing success he also increased the orchestra, which, to fill numerous engagements, he had to cut in two, leaving to Strauss the leadership of one part. This is where the elder Strauss discovered his talent for composition.

—Louise, Queen of Denmark, is a daughter of the late Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and when, in 1842, she married Prince Christian, the fourth son of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, there was not much thought of the future glory which they should establish in furnishing kings and queens to half a dozen countries of Europe. Prince Christian then became Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Cavalry, and ten years after his marriage, by the protocol of London the succession was vested in him. In 1863, on the death of Frederick VII., he became King. In spite of their present affluence, however, it is rumored that the Queen still mends Christian IX.'s clothes for him, even if their daughters, the Empress of Russia and the future Queen of England, no longer make their own gowns.

—Secretary Morton says that the Amerı·an farmer is Antæus, and calls attention to the fact that the following men left their farms to become Presidents of the United States:

(1) Washington, the land surveyor and farmer, from Mount Vernon. (2) John Adams, of Quincy, who, during the last year of his Presidency, said: "I am weary, worn, and disgusted to death. I had rather chop wood, dig ditches, make fences upon my poor little farm. Alas! poor farm, and poorer family, what have you lost that your country might be free?" (3) Jefferson, farmer, philosopher, and statesman, from Monticello. (4) Madison, farmer and lawyer, of Montpelier, Va. (5) Monroe, farmer, from Oak Hill, Va. (6) John Quincy Adams, from the Quincy farm of 100 acres, near Boston. (7) Andrew Jackson, of the "Hermitage," in Tennessee, who, as farmer, soldier, and lawyer, was a most excellent type of the best Americanism. (8) Van Buren, of Kinderhook, N. Y., was called to the Presidency from his sheep and wool farm, although he was a lawyer of far above average acquirements and ability. (9) William Henry Harrison, from his farm at North Bend, O. (10) Tyler, of Sherwood Forest Farm, Virginia, where he subsequently died. (11) James K. Polk, of Duck River, Tenn., also came from the farm to the Presidency.

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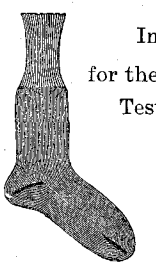

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